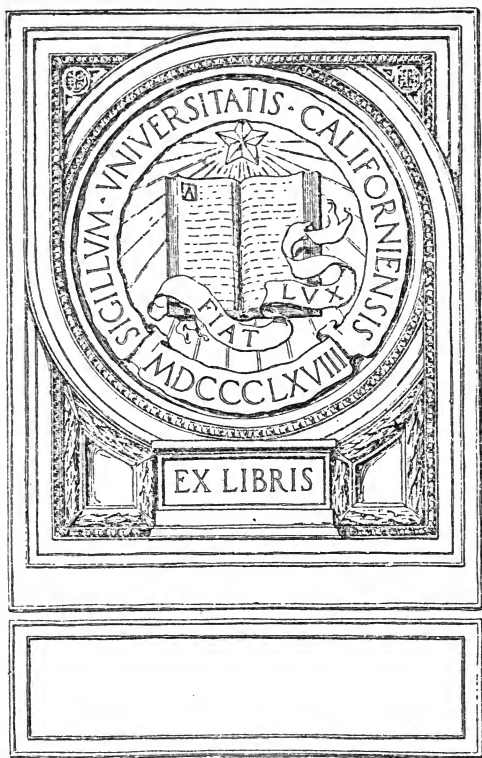


BERNARD CARPENTER

THE LIFE AND WORK



1912



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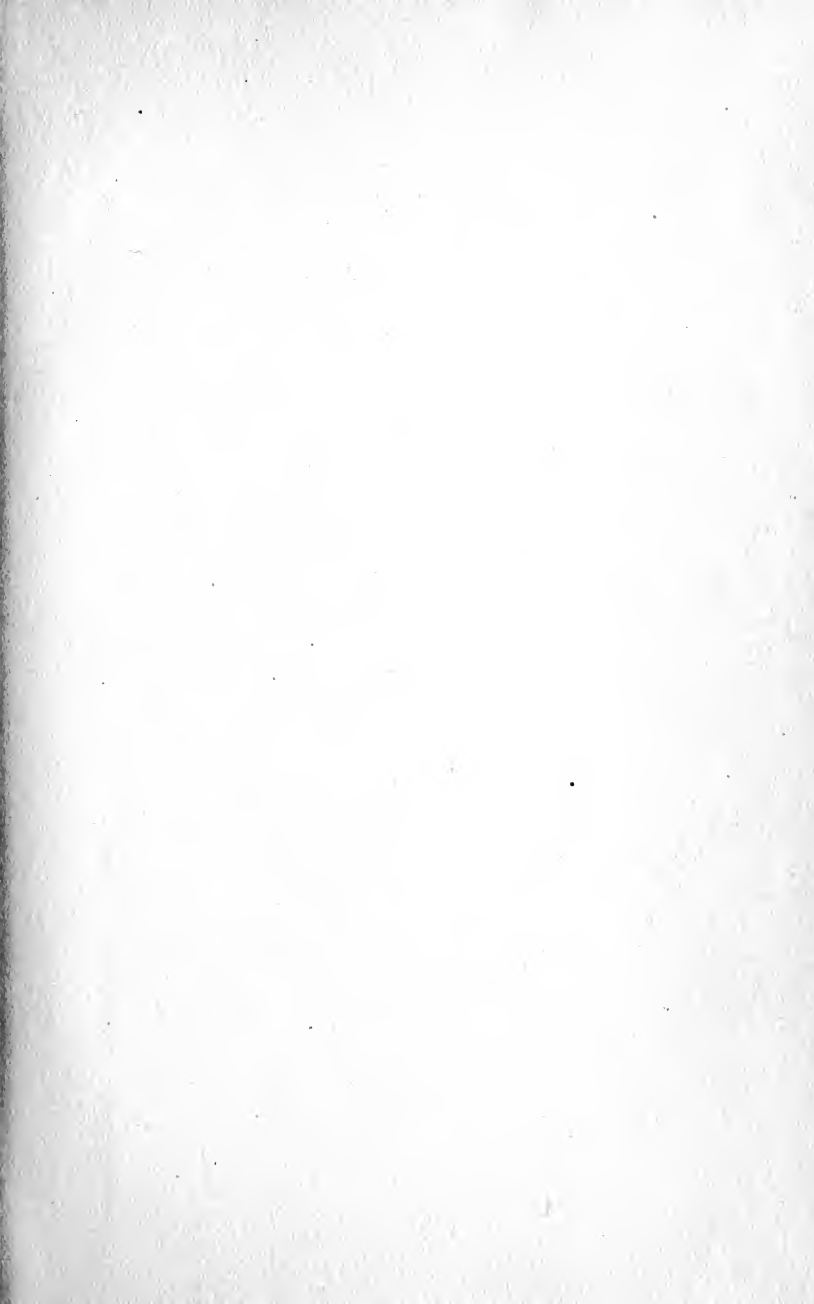
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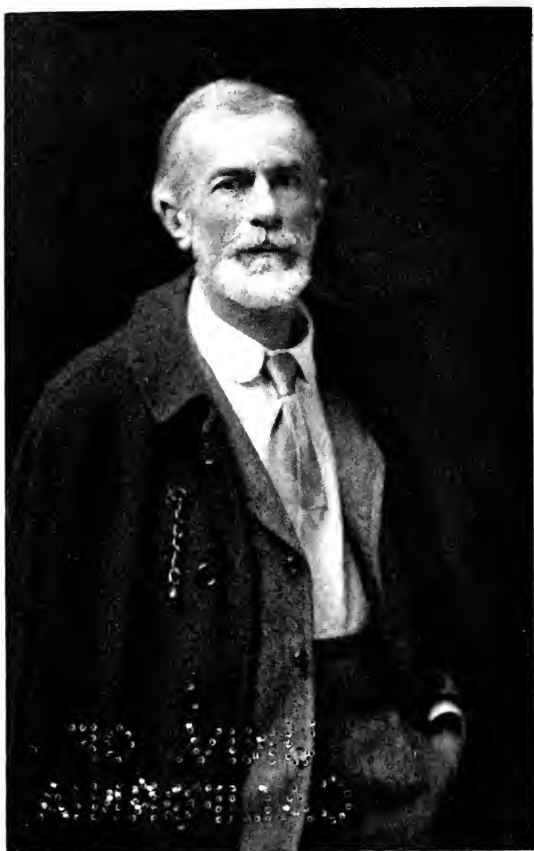
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EDWARD CARPENTER
HIS IDEAS AND IDEALS

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Edward Carpenter. 1912.

EDWARD CARPENTER

HIS IDEAS AND IDEALS

BY

A. H. MONCUR SIME

WITH A PORTRAIT IN PHOTOGRAVURE OF
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BY LENA CONNELL

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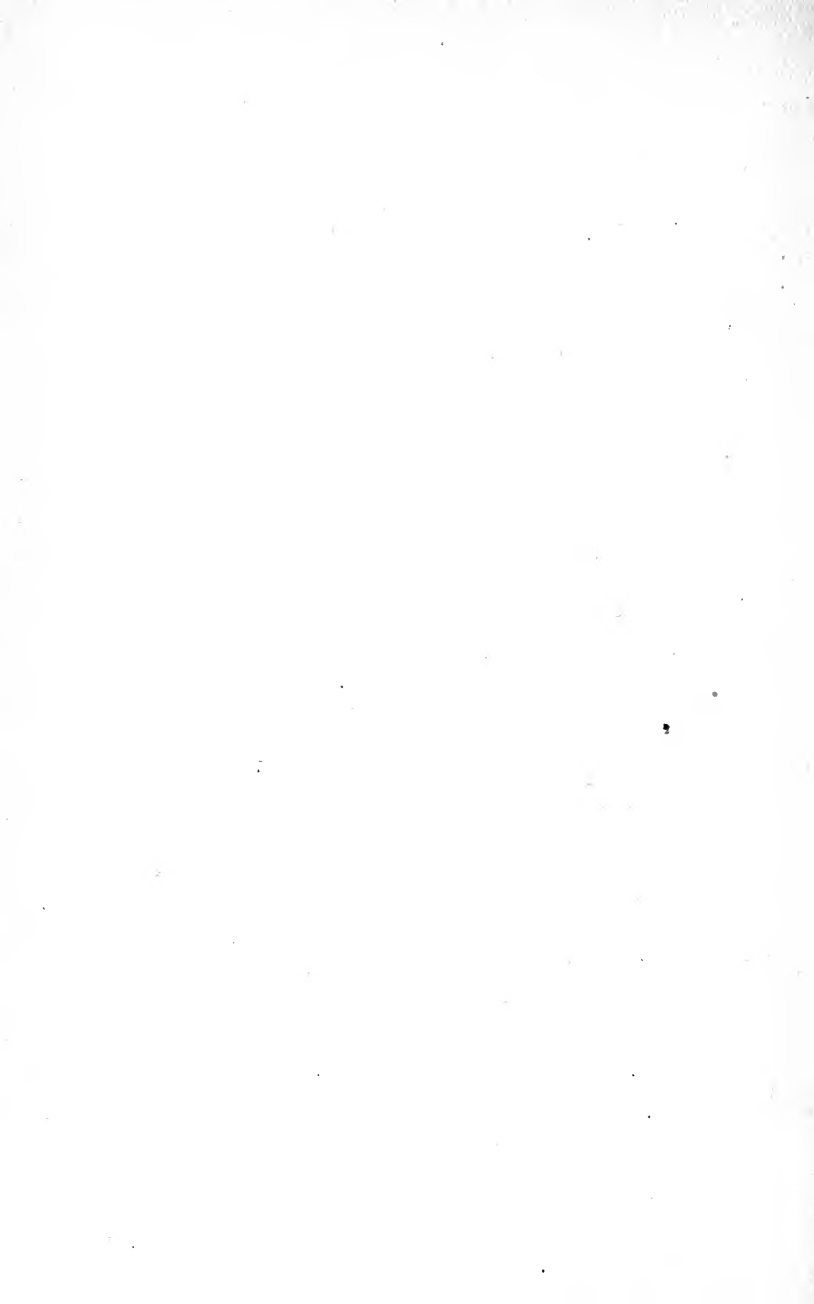
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EDWARD CARPENTER

CHAPTER I

BIOGRAPHICAL

THE external incidents of Edward Carpenter's life are not, so far as we know, especially dramatic or exciting. He was born at Brighton in 1844, of a family of standing in the social world—his parents on both sides being the descendants of naval officers of some distinction. He graduated at Cambridge University in 1868, and a year later took orders in the Church of England. He also held a Fellowship of his college—Trinity Hall. After a time he began to change his views on religious and social questions, with the result that in 1874 he resigned both his Curacy and Fellowship. For the next seven years he was engaged in University Extension Lecture

work, taking as his subjects Natural Philosophy and Music. In 1877 he visited the United States of America, where he made intimate acquaintance with Walt Whitman.

He tells us in an intensely absorbing "personal" note which concludes the complete edition of "Towards Democracy," how he came to abandon the University Extension Lectureship, and to adopt that simple but wholly artistic life which he has now followed for five-and-thirty years. "At last, early in 1881, no doubt as the culmination and result of struggles and experiences that had been going on, I became conscious that a mass of material was forming within me, imperatively demanding expression—though what exactly its expression would be I could not then have told. I became for the time overwhelmingly conscious of the disclosure within of a region transcending in some sense the ordinary bounds of personality, in the light of which region my own idiosyncrasies of character—defects, accomplishments, limitations, or what not—appeared of no importance whatever—an absolute Freedom from mortality, accom-

panied by an indescribable calm and joy. I almost immediately saw, or rather felt, that this region of Self existing in me existed equally (though not always equally consciously) in others. In regard to it the mere diversities of temperament which ordinarily distinguish and divide people dropped away and became indifferent, and a field was opened in which all were truly equal. Thus I found the common ground which I wanted, and the two words Freedom and Equality came for the time being to control all my thought and expression.

“The necessity for space and time to work this out grew so strong that in April of this year I threw up my lecturing employment. Moreover, another necessity had come upon me which demanded the latter step—the necessity namely for an open-air life and manual work. I could not finally argue with this any more than with the other, I had to give in and obey.”

The open-air life meant manual work, and association with manual workers. Carpenter himself looks upon his manual labours and occupations as the most important part of his

life. In 1883 he secured a small holding of some seven acres, built a house upon it, and cultivated the land as a market garden. For the next seven years much of his time was spent in close touch with the manual workers of Sheffield and the surrounding country. He interested himself sympathetically in all their aims and pursuits, and shared in their labours. During this period he did much propaganda work for the Socialist Movement, lecturing in many of the northern towns, and even speaking repeatedly at the street corners. "He took part in all the duties of farm and garden life, accustoming himself to the care of horses and cattle, carting of stone and manure and coal, the use of the hoe, the spade, the scythe, and the pick and shovel."

Though born among the well-to-do, he has learnt to love and trust the common people, and for more than a generation he has thought of them and for them, and done all that lay in his power to gain justice for them. By speech and pen, without haste and without rest, he has done giant service in creating a Society

that in its corporate capacity shall act through government for "the highest ethical ends of human experience and anticipation."

It would be doing Carpenter a great injustice to allow the public to think of him as a recluse. He is delightfully human. He keeps absolutely in touch with the progressive movements of humanity in every department, and no one looks more sympathetically upon the significant unrest of the times. He sees what the hustling man of action often fails to see, that the world needs to be understood and interpreted to itself. This he has zealously striven to do, and the comprehensiveness and fairness of his judgment make him not only a broad-minded, but exceedingly reliable guide in the realm of ideas, principles, and spiritual essences.

No disciple of Carpenter's who fully appreciates his aims and method of thought can be either shallow or narrow-minded. Carpenter makes ready allowance for the honest differences of opinion which arise among conscientious students of weighty subjects because of the different points from which they are

viewed. He feels, however, that with the progress of the years the several schools in each division of investigation must necessarily approach one another more closely, until ultimately ideas become unified. Truth-seekers and truth-bringers must at last see eye to eye on those matters which are of supreme consequence to belief and practice.

Carpenter gives one the impression of being a man of great force of character, a man of far vision and extraordinary audacity of thought. The man is as notable in many ways as his books. Few thinkers have impressed themselves so deeply upon their writings as he has done.

Carpenter has a very attractive and interesting personality. His seventy years rest lightly upon him, and he seems to possess the spirit of eternal youth. His mind is very alert, and his memory keen, so that in his company there is never any lack of helpful, informing, winning, and inspiring talk. His manner is perfectly genial and gracious, and a look from his calm kindly face is a benediction.

It would be an impertinence to speak of his many endowments or of his vast acquirements in the departments of literary and philosophical study. Enough to mark and emphasise the fact how these talents have been put out to usury, preserved against temptation of many kinds, devoted wholly and consistently to the Cause of Democracy, which to Carpenter is the Cause that is making for the all-round Well-Being of Man Universal.

CHAPTER II

GENERAL PHILOSOPHIC POSITION

FEW can dispute that the equilibrium of Society to-day is very unstable. Unrest, and revolt even, prevail in almost every civilised country. And Revolutionaries are concerned now, not so much with details, major or minor, as with fundamentals. The protest is not merely or chiefly against specific forms of oppression and injustice ; it is rather, to all intents and purposes, a protest against our present Social system itself as intrinsically undemocratic, and as necessarily promotive of poverty and dependence on the one hand, and excessive wealth and inevitable injustice on the other.

On the purely economic side there is a wide agreement that the present distribution of wealth is unfavourable to the highest general

well-being of the country; that it is equally dangerous to the moral excellence of those who have in excess as it is to those who are living down on the line of poverty. And there is a healthy and increasing endeavour to determine those causes which have produced, and are continuing to perpetuate, such a dangerous inequality, and to ascertain how they can be modified if not entirely abolished.

The old political economy of Adam Smith and his School was essentially "physical," as much apart from Ethics as gravitation—a system of laws and arrangements of Production and Distribution, under which the glorified apprentice in his gorgeously equipped carriage was a perfectly legitimate result.

The new political economy is essentially ethical, and the old hero, who knows, may in time become an economic monstrosity. The issue as to what is just and fair between man and man, between community and community, between nation and nation, is at the bar of human judgment, and a satisfactory verdict must be rendered.

The genius of Democracy has been liberated from the trammels of Feudalism, and can never again be imprisoned. Dreams and visions of better and happier times haunt and lure us on.

No one is more conscious than Edward Carpenter that the time has arrived when, either by concession or by force, many of our social and economic institutions must be transformed. Ancient constitutions having been abolished, new ones must be adopted. When the old foundations have been removed, it still remains to be decided on what foundations the social and economic edifices shall rest.

It is not enough that people everywhere are clamouring for change. The subversion of bad or imperfect government is by no means synonymous with the establishment of a good or more perfect. The people must be got to know what it is to be free ; they must be persuaded to reverence themselves, and bow implicitly to the principles of right, equality, and truth, or nothing can be gained by a mere change of institutions and forms of government.

GENERAL PHILOSOPHIC POSITION 11

“ At last, after centuries, when the tension and strain of the old society can go no further, and ruin on every side seems impending,

Behold ! behind and beneath it all, in dim prefiguration, yet clear and not to be mistaken—the Outline and Draft of a new order.”

.

“ A new conception of Life—yet ancient as creation (since indeed, properly speaking, there is no other)—The Life of the Heart, the life of friendship and attachment :

Society forming freely everywhere round this—knit together by this, rather than by the old Cash-nexus : The love and pride of race, of clan, of family, the free sacrifice of life for these, the commemoration of these in grand works and deeds ;

The dedication of Humanity, the wider embrace that passes all barriers of class and race ;

And the innumerable personal affection in all its forms—

These, and a proud beautiful sane utterance and enduring expression of them, first, and the other things to follow.”

.

“ Everywhere a new motive of life dawns.

With the liberation of Love, and with it of Sex, with the sense that there are things—and the joy of them

—not to be dreaded or barred, but to be made use of,
wisely and freely, as a man makes use of his most
honoured possession,
Comes a new gladness :
The liberation of a Motive greater than money,
And the only motive perhaps that can finally take
precedence of money.”¹

Needless to say, all Carpenter’s sympathies are with the People—the Democracy, as he invariably designates the common people,—to him, indeed, the People are everything. A keen student of history, ancient and modern, he is well aware that it has been the fashion to ridicule the idea that the People can govern themselves.

Political Science exerted itself at one time in keeping the masses in ignorance, in ruling them by force, and in amusing and pleasing them by shows and petty ameliorations. Carpenter is one of the pioneers in promulgating the sentiment that the truest, the easiest, yea, the only righteous method of governing an intelligent people, is to allow them to govern

¹ “ Towards Democracy,” pp. 394, 396, 403.

themselves. For more than a generation he has been trying to demonstrate that so far from being the enemies, the people are the best, the natural friends and custodians of all free institutions.

A certain form of government is no sure guarantee of progress. No government can ensure safety or liberty to its subjects. In spite of walls, fortresses, and munitions of war, Society may be in grave enough danger. The individual is never safe unless the guarantee of safety is found in the hearts of the people. Without this guaranty, civilisation has reared the dwelling-place of crime beside the hall of art, the den of infamy beside the temple of worship, and carried forward great commercial enterprises which have made a few rich, and left the masses poor.

As a true test of social progress, it should be asked, not what form of government does a country possess, but what measure of justice is meted out to all classes of its subjects. The actual function of government has far too frequently been directed to foster the strong at

the expense of the weak, to protect the capitalist, and tax the one who has had to labour. The rich and powerful have claimed and actually obtained a monopoly of development and pleasure, while the weak and poor have been chained to conditions from which no one could possibly extort one particle of satisfaction or happiness.

Carpenter is not so much concerned as to how the present institutions are to be improved, but he is genuinely concerned as to how men are to be taught to look upon mere self-interest as base, mean, and cowardly, and how taught to realise profoundly the greatness and sanctity of humanity as a whole. With great success, and yet with refined and dignified passion, he shows us that kings and nobles, standing armies, and Religion Established by Law, are, at best, only useless appendants to any form of government. Every Right can be perfectly protected for the People by the People ; Government can be perfectly sound and stable, supported by the affections and purified interests of the citizens, and a people can be mutually

helpful without the intervention of any man-protected Religion. In a withering indictment of the House of Lords which he wrote for the "Albany Review," he says: "One might suppose that here in the general Aristocracy, among the pick and pink of the nation, endowed with wealth, education, and far-reaching influence, would be found the leaders and pioneers of every great movement; that art and science and politics and sociology would be illuminated and inspired, organised and marshalled by this class; that abroad it would stand as representative of what was best and most vigorous in our people; and that at home and in the country-sides it would set the tone and animate the centres of the most healthy life. What do we actually find? A waste of dullness, commonplaceness, and reaction. This Aristocracy does nothing—next to nothing—that can be said to be of public utility, for even the work of the ordinary country gentleman on County Councils and as a member of the Great Unpaid can hardly be placed to its account. It produces (in the

present day) no artists, no men of letters of any distinction, no inventors, no great men of science, no serious reformers, hardly even a great general or political leader. And this is certainly astounding when one considers the exceptional opportunities its members have for success and advancement in any of these directions, and the ease with which they can command a hearing and a following. . . . The amount of useful genius or talent which the institution (that is Aristocracy) supplies to the world from its hereditary deeps is an almost negligible quantity.”¹

Carpenter’s great poem or series of poems, “Towards Democracy,” is a magnificent philippic against all those who in any fashion scorn, oppress, and rob the People, and by their action stem the tide of Reform which would sweep away the “Fool’s paradise of polite trifling” with the rights of Democracy.

“O Democracy, I shout for you!

Back! Make me a space round me, you kid-gloved

¹ “British Aristocracy and the House of Lords,” pp. 13, 14.

rotten-breathed paralytic world, with miserable antics mimicking the appearance of life.

England! for good or evil it is useless to attempt to conceal yourself—I know you too well.

. . . I will tear your veils off, your false shows and pride I will trail in the dust,—you shall be utterly naked before me, in your beauty and in your shame.

.

Do you think your smooth-faced Respectability will save you? or that Cowardice carries a master-key of the universe in its pocket—scrambling miserably out of the ditch on the heads of those beneath it?

Do you think that it is a fine thing to grind cheap goods out of the hard labour of ill-paid boys? and do you imagine that all your Commerce shows and Manufactures are anything at all compared with the bodies and souls of these?

Do you suppose I have not heard your talk about Morality and Religion and set it face to face in my soul to the instinct of one clean naked unashamed man? or that I have not seen your coteries of elegant and learned people put to rout by the innocent speech of a child, and the apparition of a mother suckling her own babe?

Do you think that there ever was or could be infidelity greater than this?

.

When I look for help from the guides and see only a dead waste of aimless abject close-shaven shabby simpering flat pompous peaked punctilious faces :

O England, whither—strangled tied and bound—
Whither whither art thou come ? ”¹

In his political economy, we suppose Carpenter would not be averse to be classed as a Socialist, since his ideas and ideals approximate far more closely to Socialism than to any other political system. Someone has said that while we have had many able writers who were thoroughgoing Socialists, and many great Socialists who have been able writers, we still await the great Socialist writer. It is suggested that the writer we are awaiting must have prophetic vision and great literary power. In Carpenter such an one has indeed come. He has prophetic inspiration in quite a marked degree, he has the largest human sympathy, and he is consumed with passionate devotion to his mission. Socialism is to him not only “a

¹ “ Towards Democracy,” pp. 20, 21, 27.

doctrine, a system, a method," but in the words of the late Premier of Spain, "it is all this and more ; it is a civilisation."

Socialism is perhaps the most important transformation going on at the present time in the social ideals of mankind ; and like most great movements, it is subject to a very great deal of misrepresentation. We have, for example, ex-President Taft stating the position of Socialism with something considerably less than accuracy and precision. And yet when examining Socialism or any other important economic system, whether we approve or disapprove, it is only fair that we should be as exact as possible in our definition of principles. We quote the following terse statement of Taft from one of his speeches, because it is representative of the unfair arguments urged against Socialism by many Politicians and Political Economists. He said : " The issue that is being framed is the issue with respect to the institution of private property. There are those who charge to that institution the corporate abuses, the great greed and corruption

that grew out of these abuses, the unequal distribution of property, the poverty of some and undue wealth of others, and therefore say : ' We will have none of it, we must have a new rule of distribution that for the want of a better name we shall call Socialism.' "

The central proposition of the Socialism as expounded at any rate by such a philosopher as Carpenter is a demand, not for the abolition of private property, but for the socialising of Capital. He argues in this way : " At present the great need of the People is to get Capital into their own hands for the purpose of employing their own labour. This can be done only by productive co-operation, either on a small scale or by the community at large. Anything which will further co-operation, either by the founding of productive societies, or by a dissemination of ideas on the subject, will be especially useful. Furthermore, and beyond this kind of co-operation, something in the nature of National Co-operation is to be aimed at. This practically means Socialism, which I take it is simply the subordination of the rule

of general advantage for the rule of individual greed, as represented by Capitalism."¹

Carpenter's concern is with Capital far more than with Property, and the two are by no means synonymous as some would imply. Capital is that portion of property or wealth which is necessarily involved in production. The distinction between Capital and Property is fairly clear, one would judge, to all who have mastered the first principles of Social Economy. A certain proportion of property, and of the wealth of the world generally, is not individual and personal, but consists in lands and buildings, in live stock and machinery, which are being used to produce such things as will clothe and feed, house and warm mankind at large. What Carpenter argues as a Social Economist is that this wealth used in production, this Capital being employed, perforce, for social service, ought to be controlled by Society or Democracy, and not by individuals for their own private gain and profit.

He takes, for example, the great Railways.

¹ "England's Ideal," p. 51.

They perform a vast and an invaluable social service. They have enormous wealth invested in production. But this wealth has been owned and managed by a group of individuals who have made large fortunes from the profits of the Capital invested. These railways have been run, not primarily for their social usefulness, but for the private advantage of their owners. Carpenter does not propose to abolish the ownership of these wealthy shareholders in their homes or parks or golf-courses, but he does propose to abolish their private ownership of such a vast social service institution as our Railway system, so that the profits and economies of the Capital invested therein may go to the people as a whole, and not to a comparatively few individuals.

Railways are a public function, and corporate powers have been granted to them that they might carry out a great public service. Few will be found to argue that they have always used these delegated powers for the good of the People as a whole. In "England's Ideal," Carpenter clearly shows how flagrantly the

Railway Companies have abused their powers, and have continued to pay their shareholders a high rate of interest, by appropriating the labour of others, and the wealth that rightfully belonged to them.

Recent strikes and general unrest in connection with our Railway systems are forcing us to discuss the question of Railway regulation, control, or ownership. Where, we are being compelled to ask, "Where shall the vast power of Railway Centralisation be located? Shall it be in the State? or shall it be in a body of shareholders who to-day own, control, and hold in their power, subjected only to their interests, the welfare of millions of people, and along with that the welfare of many cities and towns?" "The people are demanding," says Carpenter, "and will with rapidly increasing loudness demand, that the machinery of industrial production shall be put into the hands of the producers. Under various names, as Nationalisation of Capital, Co-operation, Socialism, etc., they will practically demand one thing—namely, that the workers shall

directly inherit the fruits of their work, and shall not be mulcted by secondary classes intervening between."

What Carpenter proposes concerning Railway Capital he proposes concerning all wealth used in production. He wants it all so administered as to return its profits to those who really use it. Here there is no question of property ; yea, he avers : " If I have said anything, or been understood to say anything, against private property—legal property—I recant it. It is a step, a necessary step, in human development ; like many other things it is an illusion, but it is also an indication."¹

He argues with perfect candour and fairness, that the Commercial system in its present gigantic proportions is a product of the tremendous economic development of the past sixty years, and that in its present state it is probably no more permanent than Feudalism or any bygone economic system. He also frankly admits that the " Individualising of self " and the " Accentuation of private

¹ " England's Ideal," p. 157.

property " has had some purpose, some vital function in the history of the human race. He accepts it as a part of man's development. It was necessary that the individual should be excluded from the tribe that he might learn the lessons of individuality ; that he might " learn his powers, and the mastery over things, and the misery of mere self-seeking and individual greed ; and that having learned these lessons, and, so to speak, found the limits of self, he may once more fuse that self, not now again with the tribe, but with something greater and grander, namely, humanity." ¹

The institution of private property has had much to do with the process of the development of individual man. It has produced in him a certain wholly necessary growth in the sense of individuality or selfhood. " Within this network, this honeycomb, this penitentiary of laws and institutions connected with private property, each individual as in a separate cell, with much tribulation, has learned or is learning (certain lessons). When they are learnt,

¹ " England's Ideal," p. 156.

the needs of the barriers and the cells will disappear ; and slowly and gradually, as it came, the institution of private property will pass away.”¹

Edward Carpenter is a student, but he is more than a student. He is profoundly and intelligently interested in all the reformatory and evolutionary movements of the times. Such books as his “ Civilisation : Its Cause and Cure,” “ Prisons, Police, and Punishment,” “ England’s Ideal ” ; and his very remarkable books, “ Love’s Coming of Age,” “ The Intermediate Sex,” and “ Intermediate Types among Primitive Folk ” (a trilogy dealing with the important question of the relation of the sexes), conclusively prove the depth and width of his knowledge of Social Science, as well as his passionate concern in everything that affects the human race.

In designating Carpenter as a Philosopher, we should like to point out that he is not philosophical in any metaphysical sense. We should not, for example, extract anything like

¹ “ England’s Ideal,” pp. 156, 157.

a definite system, with any pretension to logical coherence, from his books. Were we to test the merit of his writings by any such method as would be quite appropriate in the case of Hegel or Herbert Spencer, we should only be courting disappointment. We have heard men (not wholly without intelligence) affirm that Carpenter was simply a clever rhetorician who declaimed for the benefit of a half-educated socialist community, and that there was no logical order in many of his essays. Those who make such charges reveal, we fear, a want of comprehension, to say the least of it.

Rhetorical in the sense in which the word is commonly employed to-day, Carpenter certainly is not ; though we have no objection to the term "rhetorical" being used regarding his writings, provided the term is understood to imply its meaning. "Clarity"—*sapheneia*—was the watchword of style among the classical writers of Greece, and it remained the "foremost aim of Greek rhetoric." "To think clearly, to arrange your matter under formal

heads, to have each paragraph definitely articulated and each sentence simply and exactly expressed : that was the main lesson of the Greek rhetor."

We grant that Carpenter's conclusions cannot be forced upon us at the point of the logical bayonet, nor would we wish it so. Lord Macaulay once said that the object of modern philosophy was fruit. It is abundantly manifest to every serious student of Carpenter's books that he has studied Science and Art in order to increase his working knowledge and practical power ; and he has made himself acquainted—intimately acquainted—with ancient and modern systems of Religion and Ethics, for the express purpose of developing in others and in himself, truth, justice, and devotion to the best. He has fed his genius by the most painstaking study, and nothing that concerns the well-being of men and women seems to have been omitted. His great aim in teaching as in learning is to emphasise the highest ideals in life. In cherishing this aim, and in furthering it, he has practically given his life. He has

weighed no comfort and counted no cost. Carpenter is one of our brave, heroic teachers, and his bravery has an habitual cheerfulness. Though sincere as can be, and though dissatisfied as any with a great many of our ethical policies and social conditions, he always speaks hopefully and calmly.

“If it seems extravagant to suppose that Society will ever escape from the chaotic condition of strife and perplexity in which we find it all down the lapse of historical time, or to hope that the civilisation-process which has terminated fatally so invariably in the past will ever eventuate in the establishment of a higher and more perfect health-condition, we may for our consolation remember that to-day there are features in the problem which have never been present before. In the first place, to-day Civilisation is no longer isolated, as in the ancient world, in surrounding floods of savagery and barbarism, but it practically covers the globe, and the outlying savagery is so feeble as not possibly to be a menace to it. . . . Now for the first time in history both the masses

and the thinkers of all the advanced nations of the world are consciously feeling their way towards the establishment of a socialistic and communal life on a large scale. . . . Simultaneously and as if to match this growth, a move towards nature and savagery is for the first time taking place from within, instead of being forced upon society from without. The Nature movement begun years ago in Literature and Art is now among the more advanced sections of the civilised world rapidly realising itself in actual life. It is in these two movements—in some sort balancing and correcting each other, and both visibly growing up within—though utterly foreign to our present-day civilisation, that we have fair grounds, I think, for looking forward to its cure.”¹

The buoyant, assured note is prominent in all Carpenter’s teaching, whether he is dealing with the vexed and intricate problem of the relation of the sexes, when he scourges with no soft tongue the Hedonism and Commercialism bulking so largely in marriage institutions to-day ;

¹ “ Civilisation : Its Cause and Cure,” pp. 48–9.

or whether with the no less difficult problem of reforms in Prison Management and Criminal Procedure. The solution of both problems will be achieved when Humanity learns its last and most difficult lesson of Love.

CHAPTER III

WHAT DO WE MEAN BY "I" ?

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, in Chapter 3 of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," says that in a conversation between John and Thomas there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognised as taking part in the dialogue, namely :

- Three Johns. {
1. The real John, known only to his Maker.
 2. John's ideal John ; never the real one, and often very unlike him.
 3. Thomas's ideal John ; never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either.

Three Thomases. { 1. The real Thomas.
2. Thomas's ideal Thomas.
3. John's ideal Thomas.

"Only one of the three Johns is taxed, only one can be weighed on a platform balance ; but the other two are just as important in the conversation." Thus playfully does Holmes put into a familiar form the problem of the complex nature of our personal individuality ; a problem which presents itself again and again to Carpenter, and which he discusses with great logical and metaphysical acumen. There are two paragraphs in "The Art of Creation," one of his most mature books, which might be chosen as a text on which to base all one has to say regarding his philosophy of Self. The first is from the chapter on Transformation. "The true self is universal : that is, it is the self of all beings. But that does not mean that it is not individual. On the contrary, so far as it is the self of any one being it must be individual. . . . Every local or individual self exists only by reason of its being an outgrowth or pro-

longation or aspect of the universal Self, and conversely the universal Self has no definite expression or existence except in so far as it is individual and local in some degree or other. The true and ultimate Self therefore in each of us is universal and common to all beings, and yet it is also individual and specialised in a certain direction. When the more universal nature of the Self descends and becomes revealed, the consciousness of the individual necessarily takes certain forms corresponding—Love and Sympathy, Faith, Courage and Confidence.”¹

The second paragraph is from the chapter which gives the title to the book, and reads as follows: “The intelligences which constitute the universe are doubtless of infinite variety and of infinite gradation in development. Some may find expression in a mere point of space, others may enclose a planet or a solar system. Some are accordant together and harmonious ; others may be—as we well know—in violent mutual hostility or warfare. Yet in the end

¹ “ The Art of Creation,” p. 230.

they are included. To regard the world as simply an arena of separate warring beings and personalities is impossible, because (as all Science, Philosophy, and Experience convince us) there is inevitably a vast unity underlying all; and all these beings and personalities must root down in one ultimate Life and Intelligence; all of them in the end and deep down must have a common purpose and object of existence, and in that thought there is liberation, in that thought there is rest."¹

Carpenter is fully aware that it is not to the student and philosopher only that this complexity of our subjective existence offers itself as an enigma; the practical man, engaged in the most mundane and material concerns, must ever and anon be brought face to face with the question: "Where and What is my true Self?" Is there not behind this acting, working being which I am accustomed to call Self, this visible representation of the Ego, as it appears to me and to others, a still more subtle essence that directs the movements of

¹ "The Art of Creation," p. 34.

the apparent Self? Few escape this sensation unless it be those whose minds have never been matured to a measure of analytic thought. It comes on all of us, at different periods, in the busiest moments as well as in times of deep reflection and earnest self-contemplation. "Analysing one's own mind, one of the first things that appears is that the ego underlies or accompanies every thought. It is always I know, I think, I feel, I remember, I desire, I act. Though some thoughts are moderately simple, and some exceedingly complex, though some take their colour from others or derive a halo from the fringe of unobserved thoughts around them, still inevitably whether in the wholes or whether in the components, the ego is there; and we become convinced at last that if we could reach even the simplest and most elementary sensation of which we are capable, the ego would underlie—would be a part of the knowledge even though not distinctly differentiated in consciousness."¹

Over against the actual in the personality of

¹ "The Art of Creation," p. 77.

each one of us stands the Ideal ; by the side of the " facts " of each man's life stands the " faiths " ; and both must be taken into account. Facts are but a partial proof or test of character. Faith, as Carpenter uses the word, and we think he uses it legitimately, is belief in an ideal, and a great confidence that life is not irreconcilably opposed to that ideal.

" Have faith. If that which rules the Universe were alien to your soul then nothing could mend your state—there were nothing left but to fold your hands and be damned everlastingly.

But since it is not so—why, what can you wish for more?—all things are given into your hands.

Do you pity a man who having a silver mine on his estate loses a shilling in a crack in his house-floor?

And why should another pity you? "

The ego, in and of itself, is an empty symbol. Its contents are those which the ego stands for, namely, the qualities of the whole soul ; that is of the impulses and motor-ideas of the personality which the ego represents. A person says, " I have ideas," but he ought really to say " I consist of ideas " ; his ideas are real parts of himself.

The contents of the ego or personality are changeable. A man wills now this, now that, and his doings or manifestations of will at different periods are often very incompatible with each other. There is, of course, in the acts of the normal human being a measure of continuity which is registered in a chain of memories, in all of which the person acting regards himself as a constant factor. The very expression "I" or "Ego," standing for a series of acts the same in spite of many changes, produces what is very much like an illusion, that the acting person himself remains the same throughout.

In a deep but most illuminating chapter on Transformations in "The Art of Creation," Carpenter deals with this whole matter, and shows for certain that the acting personality and the ideas of which the ego consists do by no means remain unchanged. Even as our surroundings change, as our environment is transformed, so we ourselves, our thoughts and desires, change even in most intimate regions. "Transformations are perpetually going on

throughout the animal kingdom, and throughout our individual lives. New ideals, new qualities, new feelings and envisagements of the outer world, are perpetually descending from within, both in man and the animals; new centres and plexuses are forming among the nerves; new gods are presiding in the region of our dreams. Every one of these things means a new centre of life and activity, and a transformation (slow or swift) in the type of the individual or the race. The greatest and most important of all transformations in the human and animal kingdom, is that which takes place when the centre of life in man is transferred from unconscious activity in the body to the conscious self—that is when the individual self reaching union with the universal, becomes consciously and willingly the creator and inspirer of the body.”¹

¹ “The Art of Creation,” pp. 224-5.

CHAPTER IV

HUMANITY AND CRIME

ALL through his philosophy, Carpenter cherishes as a basic fact of life, that we are made to love, to love not abstract qualities at first, but persons. We are drawn to mercy and justice at first, by persons. In such a book as his "Prisons, Police, and Punishment," a work which has proved to be a valuable contribution to Penology, and a powerful incentive to improved conditions in the treatment of criminals, (the underlying but patent enough thought is that the only way to raise fallen and broken men and women is through the exercise of loving sympathy.) His one constant aim seems to be to kindle within the hearts of those who, from various causes, have stumbled in life's highway, a desire for better things, and by friendship and counsel to encourage them

to forsake the old ways and harmful views and enter upon a sensible course of thinking, loving and doing.

The history of prisons shows us a record of much vindictiveness and abominable cruelty ; and in the management of prisons crimes have often been committed quite as heinous as those for whose punishment the prisons were instituted. At certain periods in history the chief motive in prison treatment seems to have been the infliction of bodily and mental suffering upon those charged with crime. In countries which even laid claim to a high state of civilisation, human ingenuity has exhausted itself in devising means of inflicting torture of a diabolic nature upon those adjudged guilty of offences against the State or the Church.

Carpenter points out that the penal systems of all countries probably pass through much the same stages of evolution. "They are governed first of all by the idea of Revenge, then by the idea of Punishment, then by that of Deterrence or Terrorism, and only at the last, if at all, do they become human."

The tendency of all Carpenter's teaching on this important matter is to demonstrate that the dictates of a common humanity demand that our prisons shall be so conducted and arranged and managed as to appeal to the better nature of those men and women confined therein because of some real or fancied wrongdoing. He says: "Make your prison horrible with soul-crushing severities, and your prisoners will revisit it year after year. Make it decent and home-like, and full of help and instruction, and they will take care never to come near it again."¹

Carpenter does not trouble much about sin or crime in the abstract. Crime is crime to him only when it is incorporated in the will of a human being. He does not argue, as some do, that criminals and evildoers are either sick or the product of untoward circumstances, and should be let alone. He holds men accountable for their misdeeds. "It is clear," he says, "that society must protect itself against those whom it considers injurious to itself. Nor is it easy to give a reason why it should not do so,

¹ "Prisons, Police, and Punishment," p. 20.

since self-preservation is the first law of nature. But there is a great difference between society protecting itself and society punishing the criminal. The whole attitude is different.”¹

Crime is an offence against society, and the method of society, hitherto, has been to retaliate with punishments of one kind or another. Crime is less in the civilised world to-day than ever before, and yet it is much worse than it need be, because society is hostile instead of helpful to those people who need its help the most. We keep much crime with us because many of our legal methods are calculated to terrorise rather than to reclaim the offenders.

Suggestions how to deal with crime, however good, are slow of acceptance. Guardians of the obsolete have always resisted novelties and improvements, and always will. It is very apparent that cold, heartless, sweeping condemnation of wrongdoers works only harm to them, tending to confirm them in their evil-doing, and barring their minds against every suggestion of reform.

¹ “ Prisons, Police, and Punishment,” p. 12.

Many of the criminal class, environed from childhood by the worst possible associations, and never having had these associations contrasted with conditions that were more worthy, can have no conception of what is for the commonweal and what is morally right. Only the contrast between the two states can teach the morality or ethic. What is ethically right reveals itself to us only when contrasted with what is wrong. The children of our slums, taught to steal and lie for the sake of their elders, see no harm in stealing or telling lies so long as they are not found out. Whatever may be urged to the contrary, it is indisputable that the child of the slums, the child of the criminal parents, has quite a different code of morals from the code of the child born of parents who have trained him in high and useful conceptions of human conduct. Carpenter points out very plainly that dangerous classes will continue to be bred, so long as the conditions of their surroundings are such as to destroy in them all sense of respect, not to say regard, for the social organism.

“What then we have to do, in the face of Law and Crime, is first of all to clean up our social system. There clearly the root of the evil lies; and whether it be transformed gradually, or whether by a sudden and swift cataclysm, transformed it must clearly be.”¹

He does not hesitate to denounce that “Society,” refusing to find employment for its members, or even to assist them in the search for honourable work, leaves to vast numbers simply the choice between starvation and theft (by fraud or violence), and when they inevitably choose the latter, goes through the inhuman farce of committing them to gaols, where their sense of injustice will be increased, and their adoption of ‘criminality’ confirmed.”²

A reporter of police court cases related recently the following incident as showing the occasional pettiness and impudence, and injustice of Society, as embodied in one of its minions, towards the criminal class. The reporter tells us that the magistrate was clean,

¹ “Prisons, Police, and Punishment,” p. 61.

² *Ibid.*, p. 31.

well-fed, and comfortable, and was, as usual, surrounded by an obsequious constabulary. The prisoner was a hungry-looking, shrunken wretch, and quite evidently in very bad health. He was quickly disposed of by being sentenced to twenty-one days' imprisonment. The man must have burned with resentment that he, sick in body and spirit, should have been sent to a prison instead of to a hospital. As he left the court he heaped curses on the magistrate, the visible representative of Society. One felt at first that he was entirely wrong. But when the clean, well-fed, comfortable magistrate called the tortured atom of humanity back and doubled his sentence, one felt that the prisoner was justified in his attack, futile though it was.

Not to deprive the criminals of their liberty and compel them to continuous service within prison walls, but to bring to bear upon them such influence as shall, if possible, quicken their moral sense of justice and fair-dealing towards others, is held by Carpenter to be the new principle that ought to control the management of all worth-while penal centres.

The old ideas of vengeance, retaliation, infliction of physical suffering, in their application to the treatment of those who have violated the laws of society, must give way before the newer and more enlightened laws under which men are now governed. Prisoners are still a part of the Brotherhood of man, they are all members of the one family of Humanity, though they have stumbled in the way others have trod with safety. Prisoners of even the worst type are human after all, and are susceptible to the influence of kind words and loving deeds from those who are stronger than they in moral qualities.

Carpenter is quite assured as to certain steps that should be taken if we are to make any true and rapid headway against crime. The first thing to do is to arrest the course of evil, to prevent its channel from being deepened, its area from being enlarged. This can only be done by setting right the economic causes of nine-tenths of our crime. In support of this contention he quotes the judgment of Rev. W. D. Morrison, who is a well-known authority

on Prisons and Prison Reforms: "Crime springs from disorders in our social system, and until these disorders are healed or alleviated, crime will continue to flourish in our midst, no matter how severe and strong you may make the penal law. Some of these disorders consist of physical or mental infirmities; some of economic hardships and vicissitudes; and some in the low standards of life and conduct which prevail in our midst. The true method of diminishing crime is to pluck it up by the roots. And the only way to pluck it up by the roots is to alleviate the social disorders by which it is produced."

Carpenter states the noteworthy dictum that the welfare of the criminal and the welfare of society are always identical. Nothing should be done to the worst criminal merely for the sake of securing the public good, if the thing done be not also for the private good of the man guilty of the crime. It will follow that anything done for the lasting good of the criminal will react powerfully for the good of society. The State must set before itself no

other or lower purpose than the restoration of every prisoner to a useful citizenship.

Under five heads we may arrange the reforms hinted at by Carpenter : (1) The conversion of our prisons into properly constituted reformatories, with associated labour under such conditions as are healthy and natural. (2) The abolition of the short sentence. For first offences, fines or warnings ; for repeated offences, the indeterminate sentence and probation system. (3) The total abolition of Capital Punishment, and the removal of the power to sentence to corporal punishment from the Court, and to allow it only under strict conditions to the heads of Reformatories. (4) The entire reconstruction of the method of treating prisoners under remand. (5) The establishment of Courts of Criminal Appeal.

So long, in any event, as a prison remains in the land, it must be primarily a reformatory. To sum up Carpenter's position in his own words : " The conclusion of it all seems to be that the idea of Punishment is rapidly becoming untenable ; and further, that the method of

Deterrence as the main preventive of crime has been found sorely wanting. There remains the obvious right of society to detain in custody any person whom it considers dangerous or harmful to itself ; and the obvious duty (and undeniable interest) to transform that person into a useful and friendly citizen. Further than this the public opinion of the future will hardly go in the direction of interference with individual liberty. So long as society protects itself, and does its best to reclaim the criminal, the question of punishment or vengeance, or retribution in suffering for suffering wantonly caused, must be left to the deeper powers which lurk in Destiny and the human Soul itself.”¹

It is encouraging to note that some of the judicial and prison reforms suggested and advocated for years by Carpenter have already been given legal effect, with great advantage to Society and to the prisoner as well.

¹ “ Prisons, Police, and Punishment,” p. 23.

CHAPTER V

MARRIAGE AND THE SEXES

IN these days, when it is averred in many quarters that the family system is rapidly breaking down, and that marriage is inevitably becoming an extinct institution, Carpenter has a great deal to say on the important matter of the relation of the sexes that is both original and suggestive. Quite dispassionately he considers some of the drawbacks or defects of the present system of intersexual relations, with its many unhappy marriages, and the misery and duplicity they entail. He frankly confesses that the whole subject eludes anything like a complete treatment, and he makes no apology for narrowing down his considerations to some really practical points. While he feels that he cannot navigate upward into the very heart of the matter, that is into the causes which make some people love each other with

a true and perfect love, and others unite in obedience to but a counterfeit passion, still he holds that we may, with no little advantage, study some of the conditions which give to actual marriage its present form, or "which in the future are likely to provide real affection with a more satisfactory expression than it has as a rule to-day."

Facts indicate the presence of real evil in connection with our marriage laws and marriage ties. Our divorce courts show how real the evil is. In what line does the remedy lie? Carpenter suggests that some hope and help for our troubles may lie in increase of freedom of divorce; but he points out that the real causes of the trouble lie much deeper. Mere facility in the dissolution of the marriage tie has not worked for human felicity. The historian Gibbon, after reviewing several centuries of a social practice, where women had as many as eight husbands in five years, and men had as many wives in a like period, adds: "A specious theory is confuted by this free and perfect experiment which demonstrates that

the liberty of divorce does not contribute to happiness and virtue. Facility of severing the marital bond degrades the most sacred of human connections into a transient society for profit or pleasure." Carpenter says: "There is little doubt that the compulsion of the marriage tie acts beneficially in a considerable number of cases; and that any changes which led to a cheap and continual transfer of affections from one object to another would be disastrous both to the character and happiness of a population."¹ His position is that the prime object of sex is union, and he prays that the time may be hastened when we shall have a race of men and women, "to whom love in its various manifestations shall be from the beginning a perfect whole, pure and natural, free and standing on its feet."

As George Elliott Howard contends, "the influence of legislation in curing social disease is very restricted." The fundamental causes of divorce lie far beyond the reach of the statute-maker. They are deeply rooted in the imperfections of human nature and the social

¹ "Love's Coming of Age," p. 91.

system, especially in wholly erroneous sentiments regarding marriage and the family. The prime cause of divorce lies in bad marriage laws and unsatisfactory marriages. It is becoming more and more patent to all wise reformers who are really concerned with the ethic of the marriage problem, that the key of the situation is in marriage and not divorce. "The wise reformer will deal with causes, not with effects. He will not waste his energies in punishing divorced people by refusing to solemnise their marriages. Rather will he strive to lessen the social evils of which the divorced man or woman is the victim. Let ecclesiastical conventions, if they would serve society, concern themselves with restraining the original marriages of the unfit. Let them reflect on the social wickedness of joining in wedlock the innocent girl with the rich or titled rake, or of uniting those who are tainted by inherited tendencies to disease and crime."

With regard to Marriage and the Family, Carpenter is largely at one with such writers as Ellen Key, Charlotte Gilman, and Olive

Schreiner, who constitute a school of thought which holds that the State should have nothing to do with the sexual relation, and but very little with the control of the family. While they all make love supreme, they are conscious that under our present industrial and economic system, Marriage and the Family must still be fettered by many ties for the protection of the majority who from lack of physical, mental, moral, and ethical education are still incapable of anything like a pure free love.

Carpenter finds no serious fault with the marriage tie when it binds a man and woman together who are physiologically and ethically or socially mated, but it becomes a curse when it binds two people together who are in no sense mated, and the fruit of such a union is thrown upon Society. It is fiercely contended in many quarters that were any drastic change made in our marriage laws making for far greater freedom, it would so affect the family unit as to cause it to fall in ruin. The family as a unit, so these alarmists argue, persists to-day solely because of the legal tie. They further contend (and here

we are agreed) that the legal tie is the safeguard for the children. The tie asserts who the father is, and who the mother is, and fixes more or less satisfactorily responsibility where it belongs. Carpenter allows the present practice in a society which has no high ideals, and no other premium but the legal tie on virtue ; but he would still further increase parental responsibility, by not only fixing who the father and mother are, but by fixing far more strictly the responsibility. He does not consider children safeguarded by simply having a legal claim on a drunken or otherwise unhealthy father ; he would go immensely further than that, and safeguard them with healthy and fully developed bodies. In the future the social "ought" will embrace many duties which form no part of our ethical code at present. When a premium is placed on the highest moral qualities, when high ideals are encouraged by the approbation of a Society which has learned to know and love the Best, we shall have a greater check to licence, a more potent factor in developing the higher controlling

centres, and in governing the relation between the sexes, than any legal tie can ever offer.

When Carpenter comes to the consideration of the modification of the present law of marriage he arrives at the conclusion that—"people will not much longer consent to pledge themselves irrevocably for life as at present." "Since the partial dependence and slavery of women must yet for a time continue, it is likely for such period that formal contracts of some kind will still be made ; only these (it may be hoped) will lose their irrevocable and rigid character, and become in some degree adapted to the needs of the contracting party."¹

The difficulty with regard to our marriage problems is not really a legal but an ethical one. And the whole trend of Carpenter's teaching is to show that we need new conceptions of the true ends of life. The sex troubles arise out of our erroneous ideas about success and about happiness ; and our marriage problems and difficulties long antedate the wedding day and the divorce court. The chief diffi-

¹ "Love's Coming of Age," pp. 105, 106.

culties arise from the "special property-relation between the two sexes, and from deep-lying historic and economic causes generally." Commercialism and Hedonism are responsible for most of the crises which arise out of the marriage state. Men prize money as one of Hymen's best gifts, and women too often consider a marriage satisfactory when the prospective husband is rich in merely material goods. So many marriages are failures because the common ideals of the market are brought with the pair about to be married to the altar. Then, to a considerable extent, the passion for pleasure poisons the ideal of marriage. The quieter joys of the domestic life become tame and banal. Men and women in whose blood is the poison of unrest, and whose theory is that pleasure, either of the soul or senses, is the true end of life, naturally enough become dissatisfied with the conditions of unselfishness which are always and inevitably attached to a state of true marriage.

There are so many unhappy marriages because one or other of the parties enters the married state to gratify some form of selfish-

ness, forgetting all the time or else ignoring the fact that the marriage state involves duties as well as rights. It is nothing more nor less than a condition of master and slave when one has all the rights and the other all the duties.

“To those,” says Carpenter, “who can look facts in the face, and who see that as a matter of fact the reality of marriage is coming more and more to be considered in the public mind in comparison with its formalities, the first thought will probably be one of congratulation that after such ages of treatment as a mere formality there should be any sense of the reality of the tie left ; and the second will be the question how to give this reality its natural form and expression.”¹

The special points which he asks us to consider as means to this end are : (1) The furtherance of the freedom and self-dependence of women ; (2) the provision of some rational teaching, of heart and of head, for both sexes during the period of youth ; (3) the recognition

¹ “Love’s Coming of Age,” pp. 99, 100.

in marriage itself of a freer, more companionable, and less pettily exclusive relationship ; and (4) the abrogation or modification of the present odious law which binds people together for life, without scruple, and in the most artificial and ill-assorted unions. These points he elaborates with great skill and wisdom.

Some Socialists who are obsessed by the idea that the family is the bulwark of private property may exult at the thought of the weakening of the marriage tie and the disintegration of family life, but Carpenter is certainly not one of these. Where can we find a more beautiful panegyric of the monogamic ideal than in his poem on the Golden Wedding ?

“ Now fifty years through wind and sun and rain,
Through the sweet heyday of youth, through life’s
maturity and age,
We’ve bloomed and withered, dearest, side by side—
two trees upon one root.
And now, dearest one, through all the lapse of years
I look into your eyes, and see them deep as ever ;
Their beauty is to me a passion just as ever,
Voiceless, unfathomable, that no time can touch.”

Carpenter hails with delight the revolt on the part of women which is breaking out on all sides, and he hopes that such revolt will continue. "Too long have women acted the part of appendages to the male, suppressing their own individuality and fostering his self-conceit. In order to have souls of their own they must free themselves, and greatly by their own efforts."

The primitive idea that the Marriage Ceremony gave the control of the woman to the man persists to a great extent to-day, and it is an idea which must be got rid of before Society can possibly adopt the noble conception of Womanhood which Carpenter evolves in all his teaching on inter-sexual problems. "The long historic serfdom of woman, creeping down into the moral and intellectual natures of the two sexes, has exaggerated the naturally complementary relation of the male and the female into an absurd caricature of strength on the one hand and dependence on the other. This is well seen in the ordinary marriage-relation of the common-prayer-book type. The frail and

delicate female is supposed to cling round the sturdy husband's form, or to depend from his arm in graceful incapacity ; and the spectator is called upon to admire the charming effect of the union—as of the ivy with the oak—forgetful of the terrible moral, namely, that (in the case of the tree at any rate) it is really a death-struggle which is going on, in which either the oak must perish suffocated in the embraces of its partner, or in order to free the former into anything like healthy development the ivy must be sacrificed.”¹

Many a man who goes through a form of marriage with a woman immediately concludes that the woman henceforth becomes in some way his property, a chattel to be disposed of as he thinks fit, and that she ought to have no other will than his own.

Such a conclusion, of course, is arrived at because of the marriage laws founded on the idea of property which have so long prevailed. Morris and Bax had previously pointed out what Carpenter has since emphasised and

¹ “ Love's Coming of Age,” p. 80.

elaborated with great force and skill, that the change which a Political Economy based on Socialism would bring about in Economics, would also affect, to an enormous extent, the world of Ethics. "The present marriage system is based on the general supposition of economic dependence of the woman on the man, and the consequent necessity for his making provision for her, which she can legally enforce. This basis would disappear with the advent of social economic freedom, and no binding contract would be necessary between the parties as regards livelihood; while property in children would cease to exist, and every infant that came into the world would be born into full citizenship, and would enjoy all its advantages, whatever the conduct of the parents might be."¹

The rights of the illegitimate children would be no less than those of the legitimate. "Thus a new development of the family would take place, on the basis not of a predetermined life-long business arrangement, to be formally and nominally held to, irrespective of circumstances,

¹ "Socialism," p. 299.

but on mutual inclination and affection, an association terminable at the will of either party. It is easy to see how great the gain would be to morality and sentiment in this change. At present, in this country at least, a legal and quasi-moral offence has to be committed before the obviously unworkable contract can be set aside.”¹

Looking at the matter from the man’s standpoint rather than the woman’s, a present-day writer of vast experience comes to the very same conclusion. He thus argues: “Assume for a moment that all young men were given something more than a verbal and literary instruction, that they were admitted to enough medical clinics to demonstrate to them realistically the reverse side of the poet’s and the artist’s dream—though this dream is also true as far as it goes. Suppose that their lives were so full and normal, including their sex life, that they never felt tempted to become so intoxicated by alcohol as to forget all their standards of conduct (which is the usual cause of their

¹ “Socialism,” p. 300.

fall), and suppose that men and women alike were in an economic situation to form serious, long-continued, or permanent unions as soon as they felt strongly enough impelled to do so : Would not man's consideration for women under these circumstances act as one of the very strongest deterrents, not only against promiscuity and excess, but even against the very origination of the impulse in an excessive or merely physical form ? ”¹

Woman has no more valiant and wise champion than Carpenter. Long before the Feminist Movement had come to the front, or had acquired any kind of organisation wherewith to promote its claims, he, by spoken and written word, had urged the revolt of women, and had expressed with rare sympathy and understanding, most of the tragedy which has obtained in woman's life because of her enslavement to man.

It is almost unnecessary to say that Carpenter nowhere indicates that Feminism implies the usurpation of the place and power of men by

¹ “ The Larger Aspects of Socialism,” Walling, pp. 342-3.

women, though he sees clearly enough that "all will not be smooth sailing." "What exactly evolution may be preparing for us, we do not know, but apparently some lively sparring between the sexes." When women have secured all the rights which Carpenter thinks they are justly entitled to demand they will still be women, no longer the serfs but the equals, the mates, and the comrades of men.

The free life which woman is out to find, and which she will succeed in finding, is a life very different from her present one, "far more in the open air, with real bodily exercise and development, some amount of regular manual work, a knowledge of health and physiology, an altogether wider mental outlook, and greater self-reliance and nature-hardihood."

To meet life free and undismayed, to fail or succeed as human beings, to live without any stigma of inferiority from man, to work out their destiny unhampered by laws and customs from which men are exempt, these constitute the ultimate object of the Revolt of Woman which Carpenter advocates and defends.

CHAPTER VI

INTERMEDIATE TYPES

CARPENTER has for many years made a special study of Ethnographic subjects, and as a result of these researches he has given us much information of an unusual and valuable kind. He devotes two small volumes, "The Intermediate Sex" and "Intermediate Types among Primitive Folk," as well as a chapter in his work on "Love's Coming of Age," and a delightful anthology of Friendship, "Ioläus," to gathering together from many different sources a highly interesting mass of evidence upon the part played by intermediate sex types and on the character of their attachments, both in primitive societies and in our own day.

One can readily see how difficult and delicate such a subject is: just because it is difficult and delicate, and yet wholly important, Car-

penter treats it with rare courage and refinement of thought and language. He claims, indeed, a growing importance for it. "The subject," he says, "has great actuality and is pressing upon us from all sides. It is recognised that anyhow the number of persons occupying an intermediate position between the two sexes is very great, that they play a considerable part in general society, and that they necessarily present and embody many problems which, both for their own sakes and that of society, demand solution." "That between the normal man and the normal woman there exist a great number of intermediate types—types, for instance, in which the body may be perfectly feminine, while the mind and feeling are decidedly masculine, or vice versa—is a thing which only a few years ago was very little understood. But to-day—thanks to the labours of a number of scientific men—the existence of these varieties is generally recognised and admitted."

While it has long been common knowledge that sex qualities or characteristics, alike in

their physiological and sociological developments, vary widely in degree, it has been left to a few keen and accomplished students in Ethnography and Sociology (of whom Carpenter is one) to make manifest to us how widely the Intermediate Type has been recognised in the past in almost every part of the world, and among very varied peoples, either as prophet or priest or medicine-man in the service of religion, or as military comrade and squire in the service of war.

In his book, "Intermediate Types among Primitive Folk," the substance of which originally appeared in American and French journals, Carpenter deals with the Intermediate in relation to prophecy and divination. He calls attention to the fact that in connection with the temples and cults of antiquity there have generally been groups of such intermediates from whom the priests and medicine-men of the tribe were drawn; and from that fact Carpenter infers that there is probably some relation in general between homosexuality and psychic powers. That inference "leads us on

to the further enquiry of what the relation may exactly be, and what its rationale and explanation." The language employed is oftentimes necessarily technical and scientific, but the treatment is always interesting and suggestive.

Chapter 3 treats particularly of the Intermediate in relation to the Arts and Crafts. The argument is well marshalled and not without weight. It takes for granted that the homosexual temperament is one of the important facts of nature—a thing that can no longer be looked upon as a local and negligible freak, but as having a real significance. Carpenter offers suggestions that go some considerable way to show what the significance is.

"In the primitive societies the men (the quite normal men) are the warriors and hunters. These are their exclusive occupations. The women (the normal women) attend to domestic work and agriculture, and their days are consumed in those labours. But in the evolution of society there are many more functions to be represented than those simple ones just mentioned. And when the man came along who

did not want to fight . . . and the woman who did not care about housework and child-rearing, they sought new outlets for their energies. They sought different occupations from those of the quite ordinary man and woman . . . and so they became the initiators of new activities. They became students of life and nature, inventors and teachers of arts and crafts, or wizards (as they would be considered) and sorcerers ; they became diviners and seers, or revealers of the gods and religion ; they became medicine-men and healers, prophets and prophetesses ; and so ultimately laid the foundation of the priesthood and of science, literature, and art. Thus—on this view, and as might not unreasonably be expected—it was primarily a variation in the intimate sex-nature of the human being which led to these important differentiations in his social and external activities.”¹

Part 2 of the same book is an exhaustive and deeply fascinating account of the Intermediate Type in his relation to, and in his

¹ “ Intermediate Types among Primitive Folk,” pp. 57-9.

influence upon, Military Comradeship and Civil Life and Religion. "Chief among the customs of the Dorians was that of military comradeship." This term varied in its meaning, but it applied generally to the comradeship of an elder with a younger. The younger apparently corresponded, in many ways, to the squire who attended on the knight of mediæval times. This attachment among "the Dorians," writes Professor Bethe, "was or could be, or aspired to be, the most complete imaginable union and mutual devotion of two tribesmen, out of which sprung abundant noble impulses towards the perfection of each individual in rivalry with the other, and the most absolute surrender for the sake of the loved one in every danger, and even to death in the very bloom of life."

Carpenter calls attention to Plato's strong and weighty verdict on military comradeship, and also points out that great poets like Æschylus and Sophocles made the subject the theme of two of their tragedies—the "Myrmidones" and "Niobe" respectively.

The final chapter in this highly interesting

volume deals with the part played by Uranian love in the Samurai Institution—which institution was a very important factor in the national life of Japan. Carpenter quotes a Japanese writer who, in discussing the question of Comrade-love in Japan, contends that it seemed manly and heroic to the Samurai that men should love men. “Almost every knight sought out a youth who should be worthy of him, and consolidated with such youth a close blood-brotherhood.” The Samurai, including the military and nobility, in the feudal period from the twelfth century onwards, were reckoned the first and most honourable class in Japan, and this custom rooted itself among them more and more, especially among the Daimyo chiefs.

Few will care to dispute what Carpenter strongly urges in writing on this subject: “The degree to which Friendship, in the early history of the world, has been recognised as an institution and the dignity ascribed to it, are things hardly realised to-day.” It is amazing to find how the whole subject of comrade-love

has been neglected and ignored. "It is difficult," as he says, "to understand the attitude of mind which—as in some professional and literary circles—is never tired of pointing out the excellences of the Greek civilisation, the public spirit and bravery of its peoples, their instinct for beauty, their supremacy (especially at Athens) in literature and art; and yet absolutely ignores a matter which was obviously a foundation element of that civilisation."

Not only does Carpenter realise the importance and value of Comradeship for an age that has passed, but he is surely convinced that some institution founded upon it will rise again, and become a recognised factor of modern life, and even in a larger and more perfected form than prevailed in Dorian society, or in the ancient and pagan world.

In support of his own strong faith in such a consummation he adds a sentence or two from his favourite author, Walt Whitman: "It is to the development, identification, and general prevalence of that fervid comradeship (the adhesive love, at least rivalling the amative love

hitherto possessing imaginative literature, if not going beyond it) that I look for the counter-balance and offset of our materialistic and vulgar American Democracy, and for the spiritualisation thereof. Many will say it is a dream, and will not follow up inferences ; but I confidently expect a time when there will be seen, running like a half-hid warp through all the myriad audible and visible worldly interests of America, threads of manly friendship, fond and loving, pure and sweet, strong and lifelong, carried to degrees hitherto unknown—not only giving tone to individual character, and making it unprecedentedly emotional, muscular, heroic, and refined, but having deeper relations to general politics ” (“Democratic Vistas,” note).

These pronouncements are of great value in increasing our sense of the sacredness of love in its varied forms, and in helping us to realise more fully than we have been accustomed to do, “the marvellous and mysterious process by which the soul, the very inner being, of one person passes over and transfuses that of another.”

CHAPTER VII

CARPENTER AS POET

I N his wonderful essay on the Poet, Emerson says : " Every one has some interest in the advent of the poet, and no one knows how much it may concern him. We know that the secret of the world is profound, but who or what shall be our interpreter, we know not. . . . All that we call sacred history attests that the birth of a poet is the principal event in chronology. Man, never so often deceived, still watches for the arrival of a brother who can hold him steady to a truth until he has made it his own."

Such a brother Carpenter has proved to many. We feel as we read his poetry, that he has not spoken until he has brooded long, so that everything which has come to him from without has passed through an inward process, and so has become steeped in thought, and

coloured with imagination, before it has taken form again as a distinct creation of the mind.

Carpenter is as much a thinker as an artist. His very diction indicates one to whom science has been much more than a pastime. Sometimes, indeed, the Thinker is too strong for the Artist, and the reader is startled by some out-of-the-way expression which forcibly reminds him that working side by side with the Artist there is a Theorist of Life who sometimes in the heat of composition speaks direct to the student instead of whispering to the brother soul.

Ibsen somewhere says : " Writing poetry is but to hold the judgment day over oneself." This is strangely true so far as Carpenter is concerned. His poetry, one cannot but feel, is to a great extent autobiographical. It is a record of his own inner history, of his ideas about life, of his sense of the hollowness of much that goes by the name of morality, and it is a record of his dreams of what a well-ordered commonwealth may be.

" Towards Democracy " is the notable book into which he has put much of his very best

thought. It is a long series of poems, written in a very irregular kind of measure. This irregularity is, we believe, intentional and studied. He wishes his verse to represent, as he himself puts it, "the serene, untampered facts of earth and sky." It is quite idle, therefore, for some of our superior critics to speak of Carpenter's poetry as formless, because "it creates its own form, and refuses to crawl into the chrysalis of earlier verse."

The great clash of horns in the Heroic Symphony of Beethoven was at first denounced as a gross fault and a violation of the plainest laws of Harmony. But now it is clear that this apparent discord was only to make the larger harmony more real and distinct. It may well be that we are working out some new law of harmony, a new element of rhythm in this strenuous age. It was almost to be expected that poets like Thomas Hardy and Edward Carpenter should be excommunicated from the Temple of the Muses by a superannuated conservatism. This has been the fate of all innovators. A violent storm of abuse rained on

Walt Whitman because he dared to sing the religion of the body in strains of sweetness.

We hope we can say with a measure of truth that while our poetry is becoming more practical, our practical life is becoming more poetical. And the poets have all helped us to that happier state. To quote once more from Emerson : " For, as it is dislocation and detachment from the life of God that make things ugly, the poet, who re-attaches things to nature and the Whole,—re-attaching even artificial things, and violations of nature, to nature, by a deeper insight,—disposes very easily of the most disagreeable facts. . . . As the eyes of Lyncæus were said to see through the earth, so the poet turns the world to glass, and shows us all things in their right series and procession."

It has been urged against Carpenter's poetical works that they are fragmentary and have no unity. We do not see them in that light. It is quite otherwise to us. His poems, taken singly, may be fragments : taken together they make a most worthy and beautiful whole. His poetry is his philosophy after he

has breathed into it a living and recreating soul. "The true poet is free and he makes free." Throughout Carpenter's entire scheme of poetical expression, in fact, his philosophy flows like the sap into every branch, and leaf, and blossom. That philosophy he chooses to sum up in the single word Democracy. Individuality is of value to Carpenter only in so far as it includes something greater than itself within it; and conversely, is included in that which is greater than itself.

"Him all creatures worship, all men and women
bless."

Carpenter's conception of The Eternal One is always dominated by his profound realisation of God's infinity and permanence. The One remains, the many change and pass.

"I hear thy call, Mysterious Being;
In the dead of night, when the stars float grey over-
head, and the Northern lights flicker faintly,
In the blazing noon when the sunlight rims with a
luminous ring the wide horizon
Flooding, enfolding all—
I hear thy call.

.

Deep, deep is thy heart. As I sink in it, lo ! there is nothing, nothing which is not held by thy love.
On the surface there is rejection and discrimination, but in the depth, lo ! everything is held by it.
Swift, swift is thy flight. In an instant now here, now there—it is all the same to Thee.

.

Take me, great Life—O take me, long-delaying,
Unloose these chains, unbind these clogs and fetters ;
I hear thy call—so strange—Mysterious Being,
I hear thy call—I come.”¹

The widening of modern Theological Thought ought to be of service to Carpenter, for we are no longer afraid of seeing God through His Universe, as we used to be. God is admitted to be not so far from finite things as He formerly appeared to be. The ideal which permeates all things is understood to be in truth a part of Him.

With Carpenter, Democracy is one with Sacrifice.

“ Underneath all now comes this word (Democracy), turning the edges of the other words where they meet it.

¹ “ Towards Democracy,” pp. 374-6.

Politics, art, science, commerce, religion, customs and methods of daily life, the very outer shows and semblances of ordinary objects—

The rose in the garden, the axe hanging behind the door in the outhouse—

Their meanings must now all be absorbed and recast in this word, or else fall off like dry husks before its disclosure.

Do you not see that your individual life is and can only be secured at the cost of the continual sacrifice of other lives,

And that therefore you can only hold it on condition that you are ready in your turn to sacrifice for others? ”¹

“ To be yourself, to have measureless trust ; to enjoy all, to possess nothing. That which you have, your skill, your strength, your knack of pleasant thoughts—they belong to all.” So does Carpenter outline Democracy. The conviction at the root of all his poetry is that only on the “outspread pinions of Equality” shall Man at last lift himself over the Earth and “launch forth to sail through Heaven.” He is never troubled with such fears as possessed

¹ “ Towards Democracy,” pp. 263-4.

Amiel, and have possessed others since, that Democracy means the rule of the Common-place, and the exaltation of the Demagogue. History has delivered Carpenter from all such terrors. Nothing good, nothing worthy, nothing truly excellent need doubt the ultimate gain of the Democratic Ideal. Of nothing is Carpenter more certain than the decline of Autocracy, and of Rule by mere Right of Birth, and the steady rise and ultimate all-pervading sway of Democracy, by right of Worth.

“O disrespectful Democracy! I love you. No white angelic spirit are you now, but a black and horned Ethiopian—your great grinning lips and teeth and powerful brow and huge limbs please me well. . . .

You fill me with visions, and when the night comes I see the forests upon your flanks and your horns among the stars. I climb upon you and fulfil my desire.”¹

Carpenter has gone into the secret chambers of his mind, both for his thoughts and for his style. Not the least distinguishing trait of much of his poetry is its originality. Here, if

¹ “Towards Democracy,” p. 19.

we mistake not, is one reason, perhaps the main reason, why his writings have not been more and more readily appreciated. Originality is like new coin, people hardly know its real worth ; and though the metal may be of triple value, they hesitate to receive it.

Other traits and striking characteristics of Carpenter's poetry are picturesqueness, graphic delineation, and distinct and vivid description. These may not be found in equal degree in all his poems, but still they give life and freshness to all his productions. While we read, real scenes are made visible to us. We see distinct and well-defined pictures, without any effort of the mind, and they stand out as a present reality. As a sample of this picturesqueness, take these lines from "In a Scotch-Fir Wood" :

" In a Scotch-fir wood—

Where the great rays of the low sun glanced through
the trees, in open beauty under the shaggy green,
Lighting stem behind stem in lofty strength intermin-
able ;

And the wild sweet air ran lightly by, with warm scent
of pine-needles—

I heard a voice saying !

O man, when wilt thou come fit comrade of such trees,
fair mate and crown of such a scene ?
Poor pigmy, botched in clothes, feet confined in boots,
braced, stitched, and starched,
Too feeble, alas ! too mean, undignified, to be en-
dured—
Go hence, and in the centuries come again ! ”¹

In “ The Trysting ” we have a piece of unrivalled artistic delineation :

“ Far over the hills, ten miles, in the cloudless summer morning,
By grassy slopes and flowering wheatfields, and over the brooks, he strides—
A young man, slender, wistful-eyed—with a great bouquet of flowers in his hand.”

.

On the grave of his mother in the town’s cemetery he faithfully lays the flowers.

“ And this the trysting,
This the trysting for which in the little garden, with tears, he gathered the flowers,
For which o’er the hills he hastened—
And this, what means, what boots it ?

.

¹ “ Towards Democracy,” p. 386.

A natural child, untaught, reckless of custom and
what they call religion,
He hears and sees things hidden from the learned ;
He glimpses forms beyond the walls of Time.
Of bibles, creeds, and churches he knows nothing,

.
He only knows she comes, the loved and worship—
Comes, takes the flowers,
Stands like a thin mist in the sun beside him,
Looks in his eyes, and touches him again.

And to its depth his heart shakes, breaking backward,
Tears rise once more, earth reels, the sun is splintered,
Stones, houses, and the solid sky dissolve,
And that far marvellous vibration of the soul,
Swifter than light, more powerful than sound,
Flies through the world, pierces the rocks and tombs,
And gains her presence at the feet of God.”¹

Here the Poet makes the senses do homage to the Spirit. He emphasises the superiority of the inward over the outward. He perceives the subtle analogy between the Spiritual and the Natural, and makes the one illustrate and develop the other. Carpenter's pictures are seldom mere pictures. His most graphic de-

¹ “Towards Democracy,” p. 419.

scriptions, though clear and distinct, have no external glitter. He gives a living soul to inanimate things, and makes external objects the types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions. We have one example of many in the delightful little poem, "The Wind of May":

" O Glorious wind, that in my lover's face blowest,
Even as now in mine—though the deep sea part us—
Fragrant wind, with heart so tenderly laden,
Tell him, my lover, against whose face thou goest,
In his ears and nostrils and eyes and thick hair rip-
pling—
Whose passion-fountain he too, night-long, day-long,
Drinks at, inbreathing thee—sweet wind, O tell him
My love like thine for ever endures, and fails not.
Great cloud-wet wind, through the thick woods
heavily trailing,
'Mid millions of flowers their sex-life's sweetness
exhaling,
Hyacinth-bell and May-bloom in countless beauty :
Feed him, body and soul, with secrets fairest,
Disclose thy heart, O wind, and the love thou
bearest."¹

One cannot be long in Carpenter's company

¹ "Towards Democracy," p. 291.

without learning how passionate his love for Nature is, in all her moods and phases. To him she is full of life, and garmented in beauty. He loves the clouds as they wander away through the blue ether, and he looks with tenderness upon the delicate wild flowers that smile at his feet. We can recall no literary artist who has depicted a phase of Nature more vividly, more beautifully, and more perfectly than Carpenter has done in that most delicate of all the poems he has written, "Little Brook Without a Name":

"Little brook without a name, that hast been my companion so many years;

Hardly more than a yard wide, yet scampering down through the fields, so bright so pure, from the moorland a mile away;—

The willows hang over thee, and the alders and hazels,
and the oak and the ash dip their feet in thy waves;
And on thy sunny banks in Spring the first primroses
peep, and celandines, and the wild

Hyacinths lavish fragrance on the breeze—

Little brook, so simple so unassuming—and yet how many things love thee!

.

Say, what indeed art Thou—that hast been my companion now these twenty years ?

Thou, with thy gracious retinue of summer, and thy fringes and lace-work of frost in winter, and icy tassels bobbing in the stream ;

And sound of human voices from thy bosom all the day, and mystic song at night beneath the stars—
What art Thou, say ?

.
I see how thou sheddest refreshment and life on thousands of creatures—who ask no questions ;

Nor disdainest even to give the old millwheel a turn as thou goest, or bring me a tiny thought or two from thy store in cloudland,

I see where thou passest graciously by, and hastenest seaward

Scattering once more thy waters to earth and heaven ;
And I pray thee take again these thoughts thou hast brought me,

And bear away on thy bosom, and scatter them likewise.”¹

Carpenter’s love for Nature never absorbs his love for his fellow-creatures. That love which enters so deeply into his bosom beneath the broad sky gives him, somehow, a deeper

¹ “ Towards Democracy,” p. 502.

sympathy for his own kindred. And this intimate sympathy with humanity throws a rich hue over much of his poetry, and causes him to breathe out with peculiar pathos and unique power "the still, sad music of humanity."

Sometimes Carpenter can be very sarcastic, but it is invariably in a humorous kind of way. He is never, by any chance, bitter or cruel, and his words leave no poisoned sting. It would be difficult to imagine anything more delightfully pointed, and more genuinely humorous than the verses entitled "The Smith and The King," which appeared in the now very scarce little volume, "Narcissus and Other Poems." They have now been reprinted in "Sketches from Life," p. 255 :

A Smith upon a summer's day
Did call upon a King ;
The King exclaimed, " The Queen's away,
Can I do anything ? "

" I pray you can," the Smith replied ;
" I want a bit of bread."
" Why ? " cried the King. The fellow sighed :
" I'm hungry, sire," he said.

“ Dear me ! I’ll call my Chancellor,
He understands such things ;
Your claims I cannot cancel, or
Deem them fit themes for kings.

“ Sir Chancellor, why here’s a wretch
Starving—like rats or mice ! ”
The Chancellor replied, “ I’ll fetch
The First Lord in a trice.”

The First Lord came, and by his look
You might have guessed he’d shirk,
Said he, “ Your Majesty’s mistook,
This is the Chief Clerk’s work.”

The Chief Clerk said the case was bad,
But quite beyond his power,
Seeing it was the Steward had
The keys of cake and flour.

The Steward wept. “ The keys I’ve lost,”
Said he ; “ but in a span
I’ll call the Smith. Why, Holy Ghost !
Here is the very man.”

“ Hurrah ! Hurrah ! ” they loudly cried,
“ How cleverly we’ve done it !
We’ve solved this question deep and wide,
Well nigh ere we’d begun it.”

“ Thanks ! ” said the Smith ; “ O fools and vile !
Go moulder on the shelf !
The next time I am starving I’ll
Take care to help myself . ”

The Pessimism of Thomas Hardy’s poetry has its counterpart in the Optimism of Carpenter, who, strangely enough, viewing life from much the same standpoint as Hardy, develops a theory of life which makes this a hopeful and steadily progressing world. Carpenter, unlike Hardy, dwells on no cold, serene height, viewing the drama of existence mostly from a distance ; but he is, all the time, taking his part in the arena, and laying about him right valiantly. He has gone the “ whole round of creation,” he has scaled the heights of human endeavour, and sounded the depths of human baseness, and he tells us, unhesitatingly and repeatedly, not only that “ All’s Law,” but also, and with equal emphasis and assurance, that “ All’s Love.”

How he reaches such a conclusion is a long story, and we can only refer those who wish to hear and know the story, to Carpenter himself,

who has no secrets from those who read his message in a spirit sympathetic with his own. To put it in a sentence, the greater part of that message is with Life, and the conditions which govern Life. In "Angels' Wings" he writes : "Life is expression. If you think of it, you will see more and more that it is a movement from within outwards—an unfolding, a development. To obtain a place, a free field, a harmonious expansion, for your tastes, your feelings, your personality, your Self, in fact, is to live. To be blocked on all sides, pinned down, maimed, and thrust out of existence, is to Die."

Carpenter has, by his wonderful poetic intuition, reached the idea of "Development" which is the most striking philosophical conception of our time ; and he everywhere applies this doctrine of "Becoming" to solve the most intricate and profoundest problems of Ethics and Metaphysics, of Being and of Doing. "To express oneself, to bring all the elements of one's nature into harmony—all of them—and then to get them uttered in one's Life : to build them out into the actual world, into a

means of union with others, how glorious that were ! ”

“ Out of all hours of woe,
Weary at heart,
Worn with Life-orisons, lonely, apart,
Still unto Thee we go,
Thou whom we fain would know,
Cry unto Thee without end, without art.

Out of the clouds that roll
Round us, above,
Still we stretch obstinate arms for Thy love :
Loud though the tempest toll,
Love, cries the wilful soul,
Broods silver-winged o’er the waste like a dove.”¹

¹ “ Sketches from Life,” p. 253.

CHAPTER VIII

MORALS AND MANNERS

WHEN we base our Ethics (our Marriage Ethic or any other) on any other condition than the condition of Love, we may secure a certain measure of good acting, and much gilded display, but no broad and general sense of obedience to the highest and noblest social laws. We may have, we do have, an etiquette that, to all appearance, is exquisite, fine, polished, within a very limited range, within its clique or caste, but which is nothing but vulgarity when taken in relation to the breadth of the world. Only a deep, genuine, universal love is equal to good manners, everywhere and all the time ; and only a love that knows no limit is a root adequate to all the branching and fruitage of a complete ethical life. "Manners," writes Carpenter (and manners is just another name for ethics), "rest on

two fundamentals of human intercourse, truth and sympathy. You must learn to say (or act) what you yourself mean, and you must learn to understand and consider the other person's needs. The whole of manners rests on these two things. To-day manners are meagre and poor because everyone hastens to conceal himself, no one expresses forthright his own feelings, his own nature and needs. It is an elaborate system of lying, of skulking, of dodging behind conventions. How often do you give a bit of your real self to your neighbour? and what are those mouldy scraps—picked up on the common road and stored in your wallet—which you have the face to offer them instead? and they, poor things, are hungering for a touch of nature too—but you deny it them.”¹

Social sympathy is the law of all true and abiding influence in the social kingdom Carpenter longs to see established in the Heart of Humanity. It, so far as his philosophy of man is concerned, is the centre of supreme power and the basis of world-victory. The love born

¹ “Angels’ Wings,” pp. 233-A.

of such sympathy is the fulfilment of all duty. "Much has been written about the Categorical imperative and the Stern Daughter of the voice of God. It is sufficient to see that such expressions point towards a transcendent consciousness, without feeling it necessary to accept all they imply. The sense of Duty derives primarily and essentially from the sense (and the fact) of oneness between ourselves and our fellows. Structurally and through the centuries it may grow and be built up in forms of laws and customs and out of lower motives of Fear and Conformity ; but ultimately and in all these forms it is the Common Life asserting itself, and the sense of the Common Life and unity."¹

The soul grows generous and abounds in the freedom of love. It grows attenuated and poor in the captivity of that refined selfishness which lurks in the many forms of the desire "*to get on.*" Wherever there is deliberate and so voluntary denial of those simple primary instincts on which life rests, and in which life finds its richest and most satisfying ministries,

¹ "The Art of Creation," p. 200.

there is no possible outcome but ultimate disappointment.

Carpenter finds great joy and profound rest in what is to him the fundamental truth about life, namely, that its deepest roots are in love. Once we have cut those roots, we may grow what we like at the top, but of a certainty it will be dead sea fruit at the last. "Real love is only possible in the freedom of society ; and freedom is only possible when love is a reality."

Sincere love is a real fact, and its own justification, and however various or anomalous or unusual may be the circumstances and combinations under which it appears, it demands and has to be treated by society with the utmost respect and reverence : "As a law unto itself, probably the deepest and most intimate law of human life, which only in the most exceptional cases, if at all, may public institutions venture to interfere with."

The ruling motive in the ethical world of to-day instead of being that of love is largely that of fear. Few will be found to gainsay the truth of this searching indictment of Modern Society

in relation to its moral ideal. "Though it seems a hard thing to say, the outer life of society to-day is animated first and foremost by Fear. From the wretched wage-slave, who rises before the break of day, hurries through squalid streets to the dismal sound of the 'hummer,' engages for nine, ten, or twelve hours, and for a pittance wage, in monotonous work which affords him no interest, no pleasure ; who returns home to find his children gone to bed, has his supper, and, worn out and weary, soon retires himself, only to rise in the morning and pursue the same deadly round, and who leads a life thus monotonous, inhuman, and devoid of all dignity and reality, simply because he is hounded to it by the dread of starvation ; —to the big commercial man who, knowing that his wealth has come to him through speculation and the turns and twists of the market, fears that at any moment it may take to itself wings by the same means ; . . . over the great mass of people the same demon spreads its dusky wings. Feverish anxiety is the keynote of their lives. There is no room for natural gladness

or buoyancy of spirits. . . . We are like shipwrecked folk clambering up a cliff. The waves are raging below. Each one clings by handhold or foothold where he may, and in the panic if he push his neighbour from a point of vantage, it is to be regretted certainly, but it cannot be helped.”¹

The Golden Rule of Modern Society is that we are to be what other people are, and that we are to act as other people act. That is just the rule Carpenter delights to ignore. He has certain ideas about life and conduct, and in spite of what society may say, he endeavours to honour those ideas ; he has certain pronounced artistic and ethical tastes, and instead of curbing and stifling them, he seriously, lovingly, and systematically encourages them. He insists upon being “ himself,” and his anxiety is that each man and woman shall be himself and herself. There is no writer who pleads more strongly or consistently for the recognition of self-hood. His own self-respect has taken on imperial proportions, and he has practically

¹ “ Prisons, Police, and Punishment,” pp. 93-4.

become a law unto himself. He dwells securely above the "ever-varying climate of our moods." His austere strength is so perfectly balanced, and his outlook is so wide and penetrating, that he can hardly miss being complacent in the best sense and morally assured.

To Carpenter, Self is the most sacred of all things. It is not a thing to be denied and starved and baulked, but to be cultivated and developed in every direction. Meantime, Society makes laws which it thinks, or pretends to think, is for the common-weal. In reality, many of these laws, as Carpenter clearly shows, are often cowardly tyrannies that tend to kill all originality and genius in the individual, curbing all initiative, and often making him hypocritical and commonplace for fear of vexing others. In every human being, if he would only come to the realisation of the fact, is the germ of an invaluable personality, and it is no small part of the true teacher of Ethics to insist (as Carpenter ever does) that it is man's prime duty to develop that personality to its utmost powers, for its own sake. The first condition

of such development is that man shall be free to be his whole self, without fear or unworthy compromise. The individual ought to enjoy the right to go where he pleases, and do what he pleases, limited only, but always most strictly, by the rights, the equal rights of every other individual.

“ Believe yourself a whole indivisible indefeasible,
Reawakening ever under these, under those conditions,
Expanding thus far, expanding less far, expanding
farther ;
Expanding this side, expanding that side, expanding
all sides,
Ever diverse yet the same, the same yet diverse—
inexhaustibly continuous with the rest ;
And made for love—to embrace all, to be united
ultimately with all.”¹

¹ “ Towards Democracy,” p. 491.

CHAPTER IX

LOVE AND DEATH

IT is with Love as the absolute in the evolution of Being that Carpenter sets out in his subtle study, "The Drama of Love and Death," to seek for a reconciliation between the individual and the Allself. He finds the key in love. He constructs his theory on a scientific basis by relating it to modern biology, and he then proceeds to amplify and carry it on into speculations which embrace not only the future of man and the race, but the future of the cosmic destiny. With great ingenuity he works out his conception that in the behaviour of the Protozoa or primitive cells there may be found the same principle which is present and potent in the conscious love of human beings. "Cells attract each other just as human beings do ; and the attraction seems to depend, to a

certain extent or degree, on difference. Primitive cells divide and redivide and differentiate themselves, building up the animal body, just in the same way as primitive thoughts and emotions divide and redivide and differentiate themselves, building up the human mind. But though we thus see processes with which we are familiar repeated in infinitesimal miniature, we seem to be no nearer than before to any "explanation" of them, and we seem to see no promise of any explanation. We merely obtain a larger perspective, and a suggestion that the universal order is of the same character throughout, with a suspicion perhaps that the explanation of these processes does not lie in any concatenation of the things themselves, but in some other plane of being of which these concatenations are an allegory or symbolic expression."¹

Throughout this strange but profoundly interesting book he traces in detail the resemblance or parallelism between the processes among the Protozoa and "some of our own

¹ "The Drama of Love and Death," pp. 22-3.

experiences in the great matters of Life and Love and Death."

In all the processes he realises the Soul of the Universe travailing to make itself conscious ; and all the processes are in some mysterious manner linked together, and tending to some far-off divine event when the individual shall be gathered up into the All-Soul, and partake of the full consciousness of Universal Life, and yet retain its capacity to enjoy its own share of The Whole.

The binding link in all these processes is Love, and it both informs the subconscious life and keeps the individual in the main stream of consciousness which is independent of Death.

" Still Love and Death, veiled figures, hand in hand,
Move o'er men's heads, dread, irresistible,
To ope the portals of that other land
Where the great Voices sound and Visions dwell."

" Love in some mysterious way forbids the fear of death. Whether it be Siegfried who tramples the flaming circle underfoot, or the Prince of Heaven who breaks his way through the enchanted thicket, or Orpheus who reaches

his Eurydice even in the jaws of hell, or Hercules who wrestles with the lord of the underworld for Alcestis—the ancient instinct of mankind has declared in no uncertain tone that in the last encounter love must vanquish.”¹

The thinking of the world is always done for it by a few outstanding leaders ; the intelligence of the world is carried forward by a few daring minds. We have the authority of these acting upon others. There is the authority of doubt or denial, and the authority of affirmation. In both instances there is a contribution of evidence to the thing we are trying to believe. There are many who have unquestionably a faith in personal immortality under definite conditions. There are others who are doubtful about the future of the human family, and especially about their own personal individual immortality.

To all such Carpenter would be the first to point out that their uncertainty can never be any valid reason for indifference. The human mind, always acting in an oscillating manner,

¹ “ The Drama of Love and Death,” p. 3.

passes from one position to another with such rapidity, that Carpenter is not surprised to find that at the present time too much attention is being devoted to the seen and the near, and too little to the inner personal eternal self.

Carpenter faces the future with magnificent assurance. "As the Protozoa attain to a kind of immortality below death, or prior to its appearance in the world, so the emancipated or freed soul attains to immortality above and beyond death—passing over death, in fact, as a mere detail in its career. This heart and kernel of a great and immortal self, this consciousness of a powerful and continuing life within, is there—however deeply it may be buried—within each person—and its discovery is open to everyone who will truly and persistently seek for it. And I say that I regard the discovery of this experience—with its accompanying sense of rest, content, expansion, power, joy, and even omniscience and immensity—as the most fundamental and important fact hitherto of human knowledge and scientific enquiry, and one verified and cor-

roborated by thousands and even millions of human kind.”¹ “ Yes, we cannot withhold the belief that there is an after-death state—a state which in a sense is present with us, and has been present, all our lives ; but which—for reasons that at present we can only vaguely apprehend—has been folded from our consciousness.”¹

The idea of immortality is held by many who live, strangely enough, lives of such frivolity and thoughtlessness that we ask ourselves whether it can ever have occurred to them what they are to do with a continued existence when they get it. Others, again, hold their belief in an after-death state in a very different spirit. They are careful of the culture of the soul-life, and they feel strongly that the thing of to-day does not perish with the day. Upon the spirit really possessed by it, the thought of immortality is a vivid, ever-present fact, creating a great sense of individual responsibility towards the Universal Self.

“ Whatever physical death may bring—in

¹ “ The Drama of Love and Death,” pp. 82, 130.

the way of pain or distress or dislocation of faculty—there still remains that indefeasible fact, the certainty of the survival of the deepest, most universal portion of our natures.” . . .

“Our persistent and unremitted effort during ordinary life should be to realise and lay hold of this immortal Thing, to conquer and make our own this very Heart of the universe.” . . .

“Every magnanimous deed, every self-forgetting enthusiasm, every great and passionate love, every determined effort to get down into the heart and truth of things and below the conventional crust, does really bring us nearer to that attainment, and hasten the day when mankind at large shall indeed finally obtain the victory; and the passage into and through death shall appear natural and simple and clear of obstruction, and even in due time desirable.”¹

While there may be much that appears illogical, contradictory, and fantastic in Carpenter’s treatment of the Self and its developments, and while his solutions encounter apparently insurmountable difficulties, it is quite un-

¹ “The Drama of Love and Death,” pp. 83-4.

deniable that his studies in Human Evolution are marked with great courage and learning, and tend always to increased reverence and earnestness. "The Drama of Love and Death" is a profound and thoroughly illuminating book. It is full of joy and peace and spiritual strength, and it helps us to see in the contrasting figures of Love and Death "the angels and messengers of a new order of existence." It also woos us into the ennobling belief that "Man is the Magician who, whether in dreams or in trance or in actual life, if he wills it, raises up and gives reality to the forms of his desire and his love."

CHAPTER X

COMPARISON WITH NIETZSCHE

IT is one of the most patent facts of Carpenter's Philosophy, a fact which he emphasises in many varying fashions, that love is the crown and completion of all being. Life without it is unfinished, and character without it is crude and vulgar. He tries in many ways to show how the Great Self, with a kind of inexorable logic, from infinitely various beginnings, from infinitely various sides, sums itself up "to form a vast affiliation of selves—a celestial city of equals and lovers." Surely no more glorious or triumphant pæan was ever uttered before a god or goddess than the song chanted by him to Love :

" O Love—to whom the poets have made verses—
Whom the shepherds on the hills have piped to, and
 maidens sighed within their lonely bowers,
Whom the minstrels have sung, handing down their
 songs from one generation to another—

To thy praise over the world resounding

I add my strain.

Not because thou art fair ;

Not because thine eyes glance winningly, nor because
of the sly arch of thine eyebrows ;

Not because thy voice is like music played in the open
air,

And thy coming like the dawn on the far-off moun-
tains ;

Not because thou comest with the dance and the song,
and because the flashing of thy feet is like the
winds of Spring ;

Nor because thou art sweetly perfumed,

Do I praise thee.

.

But because as on me now, full-grown gigantesque out
of the ground of the common earth arising,

Very awful and terrible in heaven thou appearest ;

Because as thou comest to me in thy majesty sweeping
over the world with lightnings and black darkness,
(And the old order shrivels and disappears from thy
face,)

I am as a leaf borne, as a fragrance exhaled before
thee—

As a bird crying singed by the prairie-fire ;

Because Thou rulest, O glorious, and before thee all
else fails,

And at thy dread new command—at thy new word
 Democracy—the children of the earth and the sea and
 the sky find their voices, and the despised things
 come forth and rejoice ;

A great ocean of fire with myriad tongues licking the
 vault of heaven,

Thou arisest—

Therefore, O Love, O flame wherein I burning die and
 am consumed, carried aloft to the stars a dis-
 embodied voice—

O dread Creator and Destroyer,

Do I praise Thee.”¹

Carpenter has been denounced as an enemy to Christianity, but if Christianity is based on the principle of Love and Service—the love of all, and service for all—then of a surety, the weight of all his teaching is cast into the scale on behalf of the true faith of the great lover and servant Jesus.

Many of the utterances of Carpenter on the conduct of life remind us very forcibly indeed of the aphorism attributed to Paul : “ He that loveth his neighbour hath fulfilled the law.”

¹ “ Towards Democracy,” pp 169-71.

In one of his books he quotes as follows from McTaggart's "The Further Determination of the Absolute": "It is by love alone that we can fully enter into that harmony with others which alone constitutes our own reality and the reality of the Universe. We conceive the Universe as a spiritual whole, made up of individuals, who have no existence except as manifestations of the whole; as the whole, on the other hand, had no existence except as manifested in them."

The following quotation is of no little interest, being the utterance of a leader in an entirely opposite school, and yet giving, as it does, unqualified support to the main plank in Carpenter's scheme of thought: "Though there is in all character a certain infection, which might lead us to fear an unbounded spread of selfishness and corruption from every centre where they strike root, yet a natural check is found to moral desolation in the conflicting and self-destructive nature of its effects. Both right and wrong affections intensify and reproduce each other by their mutual play;

but in doing so, the former attain, the latter defeat their aim. Between persons, disinterested sympathy constitutes the joy which each wishes for the other : while envy and ill-will, miserable in themselves, plant a guard round the good they want, and put it further out of reach, the intenser they become. All the lower passions miss or spoil what they seek, by their eager or wrongful grasp ; and nowhere probably is there more bitterness in life than where there is care only for its sweets. A dissolute society is the most tragic spectacle which history has ever to present—a nest of disease, of jealousy, of dissension, of ruin and despair—whose best hope is to be washed off the world and disappear. Nor can any selfish desire, be it for honour, gain, or power, seize the helm and disown its subordination to what is higher, without making enemies resolved to impede or disappoint it ; it has no secure and peaceful home, but lives on a battle-field, ever on the watch against surprise. It is intent on taking more than it gives ;—a thing not possible except by giving more than you would take. In short, the moral

order being a harmony of each individual within himself and with society, every deviation from it is a discord, the parts of which clash, and cancel instead of supporting each other : and the forces which are additive in the one case are subtractive in the other. All dominant evil therefore is, in the last resort, doomed to natural suicide, and we have a divine guarantee against a perpetuity of corruption.”¹

Ludovici, one of Nietzsche’s commentators and supporters, remarks : “ Socialism seemed to Nietzsche merely the reflection in politics of the Christian principle that all men are alike before God. Grant immortality to every Tom, Dick, or Harry, and in the end every Tom, Dick, or Harry will believe in equal rights before he can ever hope to reach Heaven.”

Heaven or no heaven, it is certainly Carpenter’s purpose and hope that “ through the tangled thicket ” in which Society unfortunately finds itself, “ there is but one deliverer, and as of old, his name is the Prince of Love.”

While Socialism means to the School of

¹ Martineau’s “ A Study of Religion,” Vol. 2, pp. 108-9.

Nietzsche the annihilation of all higher aims and hopes, to Carpenter it means the way to the raising of Democracy to its highest power and usefulness. He is not troubled in the least with such clever gibes as "Where everybody is somebody, nobody is anybody." His faith in humanity, with all its imperfections and ineffectual strivings, is strengthened from day to day, and his purpose to enfranchise every member of it into equality of opportunity increased with the years.

Some critics have tried to establish a likeness between the teaching of Nietzsche and that of Carpenter, but in every vital particular their philosophical positions antagonise. Nietzsche finds the ultimate of Life in what he designates "the Will to Power"; and his intention, all through his works, is to express in terms of Will the end of Life. Will is the driving energy, and Power is the end in view. While the term "Will to Power" accurately expresses Nietzsche's idea, the term in which one might fittingly express Carpenter's idea would be "the Will to Love." Upon the idea of Will

to Power Nietzsche built his whole philosophical argument which he expressed in his terms "Superman" and "Antichrist." These terms are strangely significant. Christianity appeared to Nietzsche as being utterly devoid of the quality necessary to develop the Will that makes for Power; and he could not speak even patiently regarding the conception of self-effacement which the Religion of Jesus implies. "The Gospel is the announcement that the road to happiness lies open for the lowly and the poor—that all one has to do is to emancipate one's self from all institutions, traditions, and the tutelage of the higher classes. Thus Christianity is no more than the typical teaching of Socialists. Property, acquisitions, mother-country, status and rank, tribunals, the police, the State, the Church, Art, Militarism: all these are so many obstacles in the way of happiness, so many mistakes, snares, and devil's artifices, on which the Gospel passes sentence—all this is typical of socialistic doctrines."¹

¹ Nietzsche's "The Will to Power," Vol. I, p. 173.

To Nietzsche the prime virtue of Christianity was self-denial, whereas he believed he saw in history that every man or woman who had been of the highest service to humanity had been actuated and animated by a desire, not for self-sacrifice but for mastery. He girds at Darwin because he neglects in his "Descent of Man" to explain the extraordinary anomaly of Christianity in the light of Evolution. He argues that had Darwin, when dealing with moral evolution, only recollected and applied the principles which he had laid down to explain biological evolution he might then have been able to explain Christianity "as a useful variation for preserving an inferior class of human beings, who could not otherwise maintain themselves successfully in the struggle for existence."

The contrast between the philosophical position of Carpenter and that of Nietzsche is strikingly manifest in such passages as the following—both quite representative and characteristic. Nietzsche argues along this line: "What is Good? All that elevates the

feeling of power, the will to power, and power itself in man. What is Bad? All that proceeds from weakness. What is Happiness? The feeling that power increases—that resistance is being overcome. The weak and defective are to go to the wall. And we are to help them thereto. What is more injurious than any crime? Practical sympathy for all the defective and weak—Christianity.”

Carpenter responds: “Do you not see that your individual life is and can only be secured at the cost of the continual sacrifice of other lives. And that therefore you can hold it on condition that you are ready in your turn to sacrifice it for others.”

“Seek not the end of love in this act or in that act—
lest it indeed become the end;
But seek this act and that act and thousands of acts
whose end is love—
So shalt thou at last create that which thou now
desirest;
And when these are all past and gone there shall remain
to thee a great and immortal possession, which
no man can take away.”

We are not far wrong in affirming that the Superman or Overman of Nietzsche is mostly a reaction against that quietism which had become identified with Christ's ideas, but with which Christianity, in its essence, had no part. The Will of Jesus was as strong as the will of any conceived Overman. The difference hinges on the motive behind the will. It should be patent enough to any unbiased historian that Christianity could not have survived so much persecution if its Ethics had been deficient in true courage and healthy self-assertion.

If by "Will to Power" Nietzsche means some quality of character which must find its goal along a path of brute force or antagonistic controversy, or crushing mastery, then of course Jesus was certainly lacking in such a quality. But that he did not resort to force—physical force—that he refused to lead a rebellion, that he chose death voluntarily rather than compromise with Selfishness, proves his surpassing excellence in real power, and is all indicative of a strength beside which the brute strength of Nietzsche's Overman is coarse

and primitive. The Will to Power of Jesus aimed at the highest and most lasting form of power ; and he won his way to such extraordinary leadership as he enjoys by the two qualities which Carpenter is never tired of commending as the essential qualities in the most highly developed character, namely, Service and Love. With Carpenter, Democracy is one with Sacrifice. " To be Yourself, to have measureless trust ; to enjoy all, to possess nothing. That which you have, your skill, your strength, your knack of pleasant thought—they belong to all."

All incentives to activity of a moral or ethical nature may be classed under individualistic and socialistic motives. In the highest activities there is a blending of these motives. Jesus saw (and Carpenter is a ready disciple of Christianity in that respect at any rate) that Self and Humanity are not contradictory. While Carpenter is all the time teaching us that in our best moods " the world is with us " ; and " that in our most complete absorption in society we do not leave ourselves behind " ;

Nietzsche is all the time inevitably conducting us along a trail into the jungle of a despotic and insane self-assertion.

In a brilliant chapter of his brilliant book, "Angels' Wings," Carpenter returns to his conviction that Love of Humanity is Life's ultimate, and must exert a supreme and universal sway upon the race. "That instinct of loving union which lies at the root of every human soul awaits its expression in humanity at large. Even now this is not so far off. 'To your own self be true and it will follow as the night the day,' you will be in touch with all other selves; you will have the angel-wings which will carry you in an instant from one end of heaven to another."

CHAPTER XI

GENERAL IMPRESSIONS

“**L**IFE is expression,” says Carpenter, in a chapter of his “Angels’ Wings,” which is really a summing up of his aims as a teacher. “Life is expression. If you think of it, you will see more and more that it is a movement from within outwards—an unfolding, a development. To obtain a place, a free field, a harmonious expansion, for your activities, your tastes, your feelings, your personality, your Self, in fact, is to Live.” The kind of life which Carpenter has himself adopted is entirely free from affectation. He is not trying to imitate someone else, nor is he seeking to appear to be in any manner what he is not. He has no desire to pose before his fellow men, nor does he seek in any way to pander to public opinion. His one great aim, in the mode of life he has for these many years assumed, is to

adjust his life to his ideals, and to make his outer life among men harmonise as far as may be with his inward and mature ideas of what is True and Right and Fitting. He is no doubt grateful when he finds that his teaching is beginning to leaven the masses, and when men and women from all parts of the world (in increasing numbers) gladly acknowledge the help he has afforded them in their mental and moral striving ; but, conscious of his moral integrity, he is still calm and unashamed when men assail and denounce his ideas and adversely criticise his actions. He sees more clearly than most how imperfectly we appreciate the relative value of things, and how much time and strength is wasted on non-essentials. It is his purpose to persuade of the value of simplicity in thought and in every habit of life, and to help free us from slavery to convention. " We are walled in by Fashion, Convention, Custom ; things are done in an habitual meaningless way which expresses nothing except common tradition, or the remains of it—certainly in a way which does not express OUR feelings.

"We drift along in an idle conformity, simply following the common rut—afraid to show our hands.. Or we are enslaved to the bread and butter question, and only claim to be ourselves for an hour or two out of the twenty-four. It is not real life ; it is not anything." ¹

The time is coming, and Carpenter has spent himself to hasten it, when man "will not work from fear but from love—not from slavish compulsion, but from a real live interest in the creation of his hands." Then, at last, and after all these centuries, his Work, his very life, will become an Art—it will be an expression of himself ; it will be a word of welcome to someone else.

No teacher could possibly have more catholic sympathies than are everywhere expressed in the teachings of Carpenter. His interest in Humanity is only limited by Humanity's needs. He has sojourned in the workshop of the Universe and seen how man has risen from very low beginnings, up and up, achieving and developing, until he has now become the

¹ "Angel's Wings," p. 212.

Crown of all created life ; he has studied, with widest survey and the most inclusive generalisation, the history of the Race through all its stages of progress, and as a result he is a "really rational and humane scientist" whose conclusions are neither sectional nor provincial, but cosmopolitan. In Carpenter the solidarity of the Race is a vital fact, but he points out that man cannot find the unity of the Whole until he feels his unity with the Whole. "To found a science of Oneness on the murderous warfare and insane competition of men with each other—the search for unity on the practice of disunity—is an absurdity, which can only in the long run reveal itself as such." He makes a heroic and by no means an unsuccessful effort to bring the Evolutionary conception of human development to bear on Life throughout. He gives us an emancipated thought of the world and of man, a thought full of joy and promise. Gaiety and strength mark his messages. "A critic of life, an analyst of moods and motives," he looks out upon life in all its aspects, and analyses in every direction the springs of con-

duct, and concludes with Meredith : " Who can really think, and not think hopefully ? "

If we were asked to name the outstanding feature of Carpenter's character, we should reply without any hesitation that it consisted in his wonderful calm and self-poise. One cannot be long in the company of either the man or his books without realising that Self-Mastery is the biggest thing in his life. With vast numbers their kingdom of the soul is in revolt, and their mental and moral strength is divided and dissipated. Carpenter is in quite an unusual degree the " Master of his fate," the " Captain of his soul." He has a fine grasp of the reins of his own thinking and doing, and so his temper and mood have become healthy, quiet, and beautiful. Self-Mastery in Carpenter's scheme of things is salvation and power. It never means suppression, but it means the Expression of that only which flows from a noble and loving heart. " I do not know whether it seems obvious to you, but it does to me, that man will never find in theory the unity of outer Nature till he has learnt to harmonise in him-

self all his powers, bodily and mental, his desires, faculties, needs, and bring them into perfect co-operation—when he has found the true hierarchy of himself—then somehow I think that Nature round him will reflect this order, and range itself in clear and intelligible harmony about him.”¹

How far Carpenter’s message on the Simplification of Life is available for practical application is, of course, a question which each individual student of his books must answer for himself or herself. Perhaps the length to which he himself has carried his experiment is not to be taken as the ideal for all ; though in his own life for more than thirty years he has proved that all the real advantages of civilisation, a true civilisation, can be combined with plain living, and that every departure from simplicity—from Nature—rendered the enjoyment of these advantages and privileges more and more difficult. “ Let us have courage. There is ample room within this ideal of Honest Life for all human talent, ingenuity,

¹ “ Civilisation : Its Cause and Cure,” p. 175.

divergency of thought and temperament. It is not a narrow cramped ideal. How can it be ?—for it alone contains in it the possibility of human brotherhood.”

Much of the seed sown so sedulously by Carpenter in many and varied fields of thought is now germinant and taking root, and there is no doubt that his strong, gracious, and inspiring moral influence will persist and increase as the years go by. His “shadow lengthens as his sun declines.”

CHAPTER XII

SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY

ON the approach of Carpenter's seventieth birthday, which fell on the 29th of August, 1914, it was felt by his friends that the event should not be allowed to pass without some sort of recognition of the great value of his work and influence. It was therefore decided to present him with an Address, the text of which here follows, together with Carpenter's very graceful and highly interesting reply. The Address was signed by nearly three hundred representative men and women in different parts of the world, including such signatures as :

Hon. and Rev. James Adderley.

H. Granville Barker.

Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, M.P.

John Burroughs.

R. B. Cunninghame Graham.

EDWARD CARPENTER

Havelock Ellis.
Richard Le Gallienne.
John Galsworthy.
Prof. Chas. H. Herford.
Laurence Housman.
Ellen Key.
Alfred Noyes.
Michael E. Sadler.
Olive Schreiner.
G. Bernard Shaw.
Sir Rabindranath Tagore.
G. M. Trevelyn.
Sidney Webb.
H. G. Wells.
W. B. Yeats.
Israel Zangwill.
Etc. etc.

To

EDWARD CARPENTER

(August 29th, 1914)

In offering you our congratulations on the completion of your seventieth year, we would express to you (and we speak, we are sure, the

thoughts of a very large number of other readers and friends) the feelings of admiration and gratitude with which we regard your life-work.

Your books, with no aid but that of their own originality and power, have found their way among all classes of people in our own and many other lands, and they have everywhere brought with them a message of fellowship and gladness. At a time when society is confused and overburdened by its own restlessness and artificiality, your writings have called us back to the vital facts of Nature, to the need of simplicity and calmness ; of just dealing between man and man ; of free and equal citizenship ; of love, beauty, and humanity in our daily life.

We thank you for the genius with which you have interpreted great spiritual truths ; for the deep conviction underlying all your teaching that wisdom must be sought not only in the study of external nature, but also in a fuller knowledge of the human heart ; for your insistence upon the truth that there can be

no real wealth or happiness for the individual apart from the welfare of his fellows ; for your fidelity and countless services to the cause of the poor and friendless ; for the light you have thrown on so many social problems ; and for the equal courage, delicacy, and directness with which you have discussed various questions of sex, the study of which is essential to a right understanding of human nature.

We have spoken of your many readers and friends, but in your case, to a degree seldom attained by writers, your readers are your friends, for your works have that rare quality which reveals "the man behind the book," and that personal attraction which results only from the widest sympathy and fellow-feeling. For this, most of all, we thank you—the spirit of comradeship which has endeared your name to all who know you, and to many who to yourself are unknown.

MILLTHORPE, HOLMESFIELD,
DERBYSHIRE,

1st September, 1914.

In thanking my friends on the occasion of my seventieth birthday (29th August) for the many hearty letters of congratulation I have received, and in particular for the widely-signed and very friendly Address which on the same occasion has been presented to me, I should like to say a few words.

At a moment like this when Europe is plunged in a monstrous war one naturally does not wish to dwell on one's own affairs. Yet some of us who have worked for thirty years or more in connection with the great Labour Movement at home and abroad may perhaps be excused if we cannot help looking on the strange events of the last few weeks in a somewhat personal light. For those events surely connect themselves by a kind of logical fatality with that very Labour Movement. They seem to point to the break-up all over Europe of the old framework of

society, and (like the Napoleonic wars of a century ago) to bear within themselves the seeds of a new order of things.

Insane commercial and capitalistic rivalry, the piling up of power in the hands of mere speculators and financiers, and the actual trading for dividends in the engines of death—all these inevitable results of our present industrial system—have now for years been leading up to this war ; and in that sense indeed all the nations concerned are responsible for it—England no less than the others. But the mad vanity of the Prussian military clique, and its brutal eagerness for imperial expansion at all costs, have precipitated the fatal move. The German Government is now involved in a conflict which the more socialistic section of its population absolutely detests, and for which its masses have little desire or enthusiasm ; it is alienating from itself the loyalty of the warm-hearted and very human and brotherly folk whom it professes to represent ; and is sowing the seeds of its own destruction. Curiously enough too, by supplying the Russian Auto-

cracy with an excuse for gratifying *its* lust of conquest (an excuse which is welcome no doubt as a means of discounting the revolutionary movement at home), this action of Germany is destined to lead to a disorganisation of Russia similar to that which awaits herself.

On the other hand the same action has already caused an extraordinary and astounding development of solidarity and enthusiasm among the more pacific peoples of Western Europe—this partly no doubt in sheer self-defence, but even more, I think, as an expression of their hatred of militarism and bullying Imperialism. The enormous growth during the past few years of democratic and communal thought and organisation on the Continent generally is well known; and the events of which we are speaking have suddenly crystallised that into definite consciousness and into a fresh resolve for the future—the resolve that never again shall the peoples be plunged in the senseless bloodshed of war to suit the ambitions or the private interests of ruling classes. Furthermore, in Britain where, for so long,

the forward movement has seemed to hang fire and fail to define itself, we have developed—most swiftly and in almost miraculous fashion—a whole programme of socialist institutions, and (what is more important) a powerful and democratic sentiment of public honour and duty.

In view of all this it is impossible, as I have said, not to hope for a great move forward—when this present nightmare madness is over—among the Western States of Europe towards the consolidation of their respective democracies and the establishment of a great Federation on a Labour basis among them ; as well as to expect a sturdy reaction, perhaps amounting to revolution, among the Central and Eastern peoples against the military despotism and bureaucracy from which they have so long suffered. In both these directions, in aiding the Federation of the democracies of the West and in hastening the disruption of the military bureaucracies of the East, England—if she rises to her true genius, and to a far grander conception of foreign policy than she has of late years favoured

—will have a great work to do. Nor is it possible to doubt that the new order thus arriving will largely be the outcome of those years of work all over Europe in which the ideal of a generous Common Life has been preached and propagated as against the sordid and self-seeking Commercialism of the era that is passing away.

If in my small way I have done anything towards the social evolution of which I speak, it is I think chiefly due to the fact that I was born in the midst of that Commercial Era, and that consequently my early days were days of considerable suffering. The iron of it, I suppose, entered into my soul. Coming to my first consciousness, as it were, of the world at the age of 16 (at Brighton in 1860) I found myself—and without knowing where I was—in the middle of that strange period of human evolution, the Victorian Age, which in some respects, one now thinks, marked the lowest ebb of modern civilised society: a period in which not only commercialism in public life, but cant in religion, pure materialism in science,

futility in social conventions, the worship of stocks and shares, the starving of the human heart, the denial of the human body and its needs, the huddling concealment of the body in clothes, the "impure hush" on matters of sex, class-division, contempt of manual labour, and the cruel barring of women from every natural and useful expression of their lives, were carried to an extremity of folly difficult for us now to realise.

As I say, I did not know where I was. I had no certain tidings of any other feasible state of society than that which loafed along the Brighton parade or tittle-tattled in drawing-rooms. I only knew I hated my surroundings. I even sometimes, out of the midst of that absurd life, looked with envy I remember on the men with pick and shovel in the roadway and wished to join in their labour ; but between of course was a great and impassable gulf fixed, and before I could cross that I had to pass through many stages. I only remember how the tension and pressure of those years grew and increased—as it might do in an old boiler

when the steamports are closed and the safety-valve shut down ; till at last, and when the time came that I could bear it no longer, I was propelled with a kind of explosive force, and with considerable velocity, right out of the middle of the nineteenth century and far on into the twentieth !

My friends speak of gratitude, and I am touched by these expressions, because I do indeed think the genuine feeling of gratitude is a very human and lovable thing—blessing in a sense both him that gives and him that takes. Yet I confess that somehow, when directed towards myself, I find the feeling difficult to realise. After all, what a man does he does out of the necessity of his nature : one can claim no credit for it, for one could hardly do otherwise. I have sometimes, for instance, been accused of taking to a rather plain and Bohemian kind of life, of associating with manual workers, of speaking at street-corners, of growing fruit, making sandals, writing verses, or what not, as at great cost to my own comfort, and with some ulterior or artificial purpose

—as of reforming the world. But I can safely say that in any such case I have done the thing primarily and simply because of the joy I had in doing it, and to please myself. If the world or any part of it should in consequence insist on being reformed, that is not my fault. And this perhaps after all is a good general rule: namely that people should endeavour (more than they do) to express or liberate their *own* real and deep-rooted needs and feelings. Then in doing so they will probably liberate and aid the expression of the lives of thousands of others; and so will have the pleasure of helping, without the unpleasant sense of laying anyone under an obligation.

And here I think I ought to say (lest by concealing the fact I should seem to be laying my friends under an obligation and obtaining their seventieth-birthday congratulations under false pretences) that only two or three years ago a horny-handed son of toil—a gold-miner from the wilds of South Nevada—came all the way direct to Millthorpe on purpose to tell me that I should yet live for four hundred years! He

stayed, curiously enough, but a very few days in this country, and having delivered his message set sail again the next morning but one for his gold-mines and his quartz-crushing. The prophecy I confess was one of rather doubtful comfort either to myself or my friends, but in order to avoid disappointment in case of its fulfilment I think perhaps I ought to mention it.

Anyhow, referring back to those early Victorian days, I now seem plainly to see that if what was working then in my little soul could have been realised in society at large there would have been no need for you to address me the special letter or letters which I have just received—pleasant though they are to me—because you would have understood that in all reason letters equally grateful and full of recognition ought to be addressed to the joiner, the farm-labourer, the dairymaid and the washer-woman of your village, or to the soldier fighting now in the ranks. You would have realised that the lives of all of us are so built and founded one on the work of another that it is

impossible to assign any credit to one whose name happens to be known, which is not equally due to the thousands or millions of nameless and unknown ones who really have contributed to his work. We literary folk, I need hardly say, think a great deal too much about ourselves and our importance.

This is of course so very obvious that I am persuaded that most of the signatories on this occasion will understand the matter so. And on that understanding I may say to my friends : "I accept your expressions with the greatest pleasure. I appreciate the extraordinarily tender and gracious wording of the Address, and I thank you from my heart."

EDWARD CARPENTER.

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